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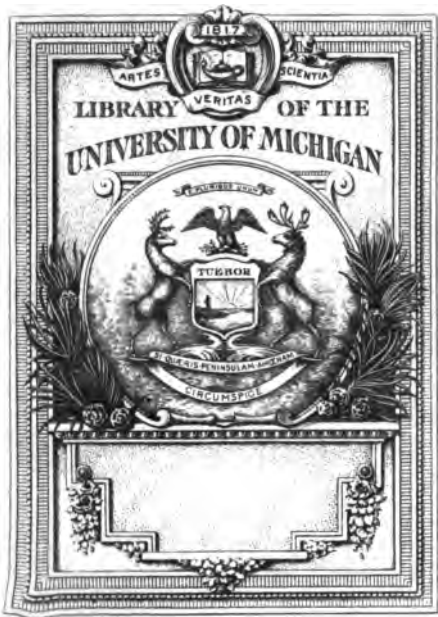
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END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

in France, not only as it would afford them a great comfort in their distressed situation; but as it might prevent any real prisoners of war from making their escape. Several midshipmen, upon their first arrival at Verdun, were boys just free from the nursery, have been purposely surrounded by every temptation to expence and extravagance; and then induced to violate their parole, by the fear that when peace takes place they may be left to languish in a jail.



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Picture of Verdun, or the English Detained in France;

A

PICTURE OF VERDUN,

OR THE

English Detained in France;

THEIR ARRESTATION---DETENTION AT FONTAINBLEAU AND VALENCIENNES---CONFINEMENT AT VERDUN---INCARCERATION AT BITSCHÉ---AMUSEMENTS---SUFFERINGS---INDULGENCES GRANTED TO SOME, ACTS OF EXTORTION AND CRUELTY PRACTISED ON OTHERS---CHARACTERS OF GENERAL AND MADAME WIRION---LIST OF THOSE WHO HAVE BEEN PERMITTED TO LEAVE OR WHO HAVE ESCAPED OUT OF FRANCE---OCCASIONAL POETRY---AND ANECDOTES OF THE PRINCIPAL DETENUS.

FROM THE PORTFOLIO OF A DETENU.

—◆—

Omnibus idem animus sceleratâ excedere terrâ,
Linquere fœdatum hospitium.

—◆—

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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DETENU.

IN order to distinguish him from the lawful prisoner of war, the traveller detained in France is throughout this work constantly stiled a *Detenu*. The word indeed has not as yet been naturalised; but the French, when they by their persecutions and other enormities obliged the most respectable part of their nation to emigrate, introduced the word *Emigré* into all foreign languages; and it is honorable to us, that we have no word of English growth to express a guest, arrested against the laws of hospitality, and the customs of civilised nations.

STATES

CONTENTS OF VOL. I.

Arrestation	Page	1
Fontainbleau		27
Nimes		31
Valenciennes		ib.
Re-union of the Three Depots at Verdun		52
Lodgings		72
Appel, or Roll-call		75
Permission to go out of the Gates		84
English Society		87
French Society		95
Clubs		97
Gaming Table		116
Verdun Races		125
Gallantry		134
Madame la Generale Wirion		154
General Wirion		172
Villas		225
French Theatre		230
English Theatricals		233
Fêtes		244
Money Lenders, Usurers, &c.		271

PICTURE OF VERDUN,

&c. &c.

THE French used to value themselves on their hospitality as well as on their politeness. The stranger was at home at Paris, and the Palais Royal was the coffee-house of Europe. Every nation, whatever might be the state of politics, passed before one there as in a magic lantern; and not only in the accounts which they gave of themselves, but in those given by foreigners, their loyalty toward their guests was deservedly praised. A work published at Paris since the detention of the English contains the following anecdote.

Mr. Elliot, the English minister at Berlin, soon after the breaking out of the American war, being in an ill state of health, obtained a leave of absence to go and consult the most skilful physicians in England and France. He passed two months at Paris. On his return to Berlin, when he re-appeared at court, the queen asked him, if he, the two countries being at war, had felt no apprehension of being arrested, not only in his way through Paris, but during his stay there. "*Madame,*" answered he, "*il y a long tems que les Anglais et les francais sont des peuples civilisés.*" This answer seemed to cast a reflection upon the Germans. It passed from mouth to mouth, and the court was excessively offended.

Theobault's Anecdotes of Frédevic the Great, Hi. 181.

About the same period Admiral Rodney was at Paris, which his credi-

tors would not suffer him to quit. The Marechal Duc de Biron, feeling for the situation of an officer who was unable to exert himself when his country called for his services, lent him a thousand pounds to enable him to return to England. What a difference between this conduct and that of the marshals of the present day !

In April and May, 1803, when the war seemed inevitable, many of the English lost no time in quitting the republic. Others, both in the north and south, applied to the magistrates in the place where they resided to know whether it would be prudent in them to remain. The prefect of Brussels, Doukct de Pontecoulant, replied that they might perhaps be ordered to quit the republic, in which case, they would have so many weeks allowed them to make preparations for their departure ; but that in all probability

they would be permitted to stay unmolested, and would enjoy the protection of the government as long as they behaved peaceably. At Nimes, and at other places, the magistrates seemed offended at the question. They answered, that the reign of terror was over, and asked the English if they considered them an uncivilized nation of barbarians. The *Moniteur*, which is an official gazette, only three days before the general arrestation, pointed all its satire against the English, who were escaping out of the republic, and upbraided them with pusillanimity, and want of confidence in the grand nation; and the following extract had without doubt been inserted in the *Argus* by order of the government.

Argus, Monday, 5th May, 1803.

“ Much as we anticipate, in common with the rest of our countrymen, and

we may add with the public in general, in the anxiety which the present state of incertitude and suspense cannot fail to engender, we should be only trifling with the feelings of our readers, were we to pretend to direct their opinions on the eventful result of the existing discussions between the two governments.—This much, however, we may be permitted to observe, that as far as the *procrastination* of the storm sanctions the hope that it may be finally *eluded*, every symptom continues favorable to the preservation of peace. Lord Whitworth still remains at Paris, and every day we hear talk of the expected arrival of a courier from London, with decisive instructions. Yet day passes after day without any definitive arrangements for the departure of his excellency. This delay, therefore, this continuance of affairs in *statu quo*, we consider (and we trust we are

not over sanguine in our hopes) as an auspicious augury.—Be the ultimate result, however, what it may, we conceive it a duty we owe to our countrymen, to caution them against the precipitancy with which they give way to their fears, and hurry off in droves for England, as if there were “*no rest for the sole of their foot!*” as if their personal safety, their very existence, were at stake should they be found in Paris one moment after the departure of Lord Whitworth.

To say nothing of the folly and preposterousness of such conduct, it is attended with the most serious inconvenience to themselves. Their whole plans and arrangements for their abode in Paris are utterly subverted, and a heavy expence incurred, which as long as there exists a possibility of its not being necessary, and demanded by circumstances, ought in prudence to

be avoided. Many of them doubtless have come to Paris with views of a long *sejour*, it is therefore but fair to conclude, that if an amicable adjustment of the difference between the two governments takes place they will be induced to return to France. Thus then they will have subjected themselves to the *expense* and *inconvenience* of a double journey, from and to Paris, without the least cause or necessity whatever; for should hostilities unhappily take place, which we trust will not be the case, even in that event they will be equally free to quit the territories of the French Republic as at present. Is it that they imagine that they are not in the hands of a *regular government*? that war will at once put an end to the laws and usages of all *civilized society*? and that they have the same treatment to expect, on the part of France, as they might with

justice apprehend were they in the dominions of a barbarous power? Were they for instance in the territories of the *Dey of Algiers*, or the Emperor of Morocco? To suppose them capable of such idle fears would be an insult to their good sense. If we look back to the precedent of former times, we find, that even under the *Reign of Terror*, now happily annihilated, and for ever banished from France; even under the despotism of Robespierre, the rights of nations, as respecting the English, were respected. But it were a libel upon the present government of France to pursue this train of argument, and to draw a parallel between times so diametrically opposite and incongruous, times between which there exists not the remotest affinity. Prudence, therefore, ought to suggest to them to wait patiently the result. The French government is actuated by

too high a sense of national faith and honor to hold *individuals* responsible for the conduct of their respective cabinets; still less will it revenge upon *individuals* any injury it may believe to have received from the government to which that individual belongs. We, therefore, feel confident in asserting that our countrymen will meet with equal security and protection (should war unhappily ensue) from the French government, as they can possibly hope from the interposition of their *ambassador*."

Scarce had Lord Whitworth quitted Paris before the telegraph spread the order for our detention; and in one night, from Brussels to Montpellier, from Bourdeaux to Geneva, all the British subjects were arrested. Travellers on the roads to Germany, Spain,

or England, were stopt; even those who were waiting at Calais for a favorable wind. Some individuals were called out of the play-houses, others waked in their beds, to sign a paper declaring themselves prisoners of war, and promising neither to quit the neighbourhood, nor pass the night out of town without permission.

The following notice from the prefect to a traveller at Amiens may serve as a specimen:—

“The Prefect of the Department of the Somme, to Mr. G——, Englishman, at Amiens.

I INFORM you, Sir, of the decree of the government of the republic, dated the 2nd of Prairial, in the eleventh year, of which a copy is underneath.

Consequently, within the space of four and twenty hours from the present notification, you will be so good as to

constitute yourself prisoner of war, at the house of the Town Major of the City of Amiens.

I tell you before hand that no pretext, no excuse can exclude you, as, according to the British laws, none can dispense you from serving in the militia.

After having made this declaration, within twenty-four hours, you will be permitted to remain prisoner upon parole.

In case that you have not made your declaration within twenty-four hours, you will no longer be admitted to give your parole; but you will be conducted to the central point of the military division that will be fixed upon by the Minister of War.

I salute you."

Extract of the registers of the deliberations of the government of the republic.

*St. Cloud, 2nd Prairial,
Eleventh Year of the Republic.*

“ ALL the English enrolled in the militia, from the age of eighteen to sixty, holding a commission from his Britannic Majesty, who are at present in France, shall be made prisoners of war, to answer for the citizens of the republic, who have been arrested and made prisoners of war by the vessels or subjects of his Britannic Majesty before the declaration of war.

The ministers, each, as far as concerns him, are charged with the execution of the present decree.

The First Consul (signed),
BUONAPARTE.

The Secretary of State (signed),
B. MARET.

(A true Copy.)

The Grand Judge and Minister of Justice,
(Signed) REGNIER.”

A military man knows that his profession exposes him to the chances of war. He is liable to be taken prisoner in the field, and he reconciles his mind to the chance that he runs; but few of the English in France were military, and if we, who came to spend our money among them, were thus treated, what could have been our treatment had we come with fire and sword to ravage their country? What would be thought of the individual who would treat alike the guest of his table and the robber breaking in at his window?

Even the wild Arabs, who are robbers by profession, exercise every act of hospitality to the traveller as long as he stays among them; and when he quits them, he, after having been their guest, is safe from being plundered within a certain distance: beyond which, if he should happen to fall in

their way, they consider him a fair prey. The Corsican was less delicate in his resentment. How many of the *detenus* had been received by him under his roof, and broken bread with his ministers. Let us read his letter to the Senate of Hamburgh, to reprimand them for their behaviour to some Frenchmen, who had probably been arrested as spies.—*Vous avez violé l'hospitalité, cela ne fût pas arrivé parmi les hordes les plus barbares du desert* (17th of October, 1807); and in the following harangue to the legislative body (12th of February, 1805) he mixes a dose of hypocrisy to the arrogance which usually distinguishes his public eloquence.

“ I wish, as far as my influence extends, that the reign of philanthropic and generous ideas may characterise this century. It belongs to me, to whom such sentiments can never be

imputed as marks of weakness. It belongs to us, the most mild, the most enlightened, and the most humane of nations, to recal to the recollection of the other civilised nations of Europe, that we all are members of the same family."

To this the gentle Talleyrand replies (18th of March, 1805):—

"Europe reveres in you the preserver of its interests; and why should I fear to say it?—a time will come when England itself, vanquished by the ascendancy of your moderation, will abjure its rancour; and, after the example of all cotemporary nations, will no longer manifest to you any sentiments but those of esteem, admiration, and acknowledgments, which in secret, even at this hour, the just and enlightened part of that nation refuse not to your majesty."

There are various opinions who was

the author of this measure. Some suppose that the minister Talleyrand, in vengeance for having been sent out of England by the ministry during his emigration, first proposed it. But he is too good a politician to be suspected of so impolitic a measure. Others attribute it to the Grand Judge, Regnier, who indeed behaved with the most unfeeling brutality to any of the English who came within his jurisdiction; whereas Talleyrand answered at least with politeness the petition of any *detenu* who sought his protection, and even was instrumental in procuring the liberation of one or two individuals. But why should one suppose that Buonaparte received the idea from any one. Upon this occasion his hatred, his rancour against the English, might have overcome his policy; and though an Italian, he might have forgotten the axiom of Macchiavel—that a states-

man should neither love nor hate. Others scrupled not to advance, that some member of the French council had received a bribe from the English ministry, to propose the measure, for notwithstanding some present advantage to France, nothing in the end could have been so detrimental to that country, or so beneficial to England, if it could deter all the English from visiting France in future; and without doubt, had the English been suffered to remain there unmolested, the number of settlers there would have increased in proportion as things grew dearer in England. Boulogne had become a flourishing town during the short interval of peace, and it was a day of lamentation to the inhabitants there when the English were ordered away.

Buonaparte, in his last interview with Lord Whitworth, had said—
“ Consider, the French are thirty mil-

lions, the English only twelve;" and yet out of these twelve, the grand nation are desirous of detaining five hundred individuals between the ages of eighteen and sixty, under the pretext that they were bound to serve in the militia. Should he have passed these five hundred in review, he perhaps would not have found fifty capable of bearing arms. Of whom were the *detenus* chiefly composed—of invalids who had left their country for the benefit of a southern climate; some tortured by the gout, others in the last stage of a consumption; of families who had quitted England to economize, some of whom could scarcely subsist on the wrecks of their fortunes; others, who had been induced to fix in some town in France for the education of their children, in a country where the masters of all elegant accomplishments are cheap, and where the tone of society

was, formerly, polite ; of a few artists who were desirous of improving their talents by contemplating at the Louvre the plunder of Italy ; of some men of letters, desirous of forming literary connections, and of visiting the scientific institutions at Paris ; or of curious speculators, who wished to appreciate a nation just recovering from a long revolution : add to these, some young men who were making the grand tour with their tutors ; and a few clergymen and physicians.

This number was augmented by those who had emigrated to avoid their creditors, and who in their present confinement sighed for the freedom of a British gaol, where they would only have been subject to the law, and not to the whim and caprice of a military despot, and who willingly would have quitted the custody of a gendarme for that of a sheriff's officer.

These were the victims of imprudence or misfortune, and the objects of pity; but as, according to the description of a Frenchman, "*Paris, plus, qu'aucune autre capitale de l'Europe, était le rendezvous, et l'asile de tous les vauriens, qui craignaient les regards et la censure de leurs compatriotes,*" it was not wonderful that there should be some black sheep among the flock; some bankrupts, smugglers, swindlers, some who had cheated the government, who had escaped the pillory, and who had brought their ears with them to the continent. Among the few of this description was the man who in the summer of 1802 had written the famous letter in Lord Hawksbury's name to the Lord Mayor.

This involuntary association of the honorable part of the community with individuals of a different character was disagreeable to both parties. It was

not only disgraceful to the first, but it made them in a manner responsible for the misconduct of the others; and forced the latter, who came abroad perhaps with the intention of reforming among strangers, to live among their countrymen, who were acquainted with their misdemeanours.

Others had left England to enjoy liberty in regenerated France. They expected to find a Utopia in the ci-devant republic; and Buonaparte was in their opinion destined to restore the promised Jerusalem. Upon their landing they found every article superior to any thing at home. They who in Britain might have travelled from Penzance to Johnny Grot's house without a passport, submitted to have their portraits (signalement) taken down, as if a reward had been set upon their persons at Bow-Street. Not even the insolence of Mengaud, the commissary

of government at Calais, who, during the revolution, seemed fixed there as the Cerberus of modern Hell, and whose behaviour to all passengers must have spread far and wide his reputation as the greatest brute in Europe, could wean them of their predilection for the French. In all societies they harangued on the superiority of the French constitution, and on the magnanimity of the Corsican hero. How the tone of these advocates of liberty altered when they were obliged to surrender themselves prisoners of war! *Cá ira allons enfans de la patrie, allons à Valenciennes, ou à Verdun.*

But it ought to be known at home, as it may deter others from the like unnatural folly, that many artisans and manufacturers from Birmingham, Sheffield, Manchester, &c. hatters, curriers, coachmakers, and others, who had been seduced into France to establish ma-

nufactories, and to teach the French the mysteries of their trades, were equally ill-treated with the rest of their countrymen. They have frequently been obliged to quit their undertaking at a moment's warning, by which measure many have been ruined; their effects have been seized, and sold to pay their creditors, while they, being in prison, could not collect what was owing to them by their debtors. They have been often marched on foot from town to town in the heats of July, or through the snows of December, and at night have been thrown into a common prison, to live upon bread and water. Their sufferings have been a judgment on them.

Even those who had bought landed property in the republic were included in the measure. Some who had purchased confiscated estates and monasteries, who had renounced their coun-

try, and had the honor of being French citizens, are kept at Verdun as hostages for the above mentioned ships. Was it to prevent them from enlisting in the English militia ?

How different was the conduct of the English government to the French individuals who at the breaking out of the war were in England. They who could not find any persons of respectability to answer for their good behaviour were obliged to quit the kingdom, and for those, who were unable to defray the expences of the journey and voyage, a vessel was prepared at the government's expence, and five guineas given to each person for his present necessities. There was no idea of imprisoning our guests. Such a measure would have raised a general indignation in Great Britain against any ministry : and when some time afterward the Spanish ships were cap-

tured before the declaration of war, the French papers remarked that the British people were too generous to conceal their abhorrence of such a violation of the laws of nations, and extolled the virtue of those senators, *les illustres membres de l'opposition*, who on that account had loaded the administration with reproaches, yet when we, their guests, were arrested, there was not a single *senateur*, or *tribun*, or *legislateur*, who had the courage to open his mouth in our favour. Had they ventured to hint their disapprobation of the measure, their Corsican master would have sent them packing, would have stript these modern Brutuses of their *grand costume*, and have saved them the trouble of making their speeches of fulsome panegyric to his Imperial Majesty and august consort on their ascending the throne of Charlemagne, or of complimenting his imperial brother-

in-law Murat*, the son of an alehouse keeper in the neighbourhood of Lions, on his being appointed Grand Admiral of France ; though in fact, while Britain rules the waves, a French admiral is like a bishop *in partibus Infidelium*.

Upon our first arrestation, there were three depôts for the English spread over the Republic. Those who were at Paris, Rouen, or other places in the vicinity of the capital, were sent to Fontainbleau. Those who were arrested in the South, as at Montpellier, Toulouse, &c. were ordered to Nimes ;

* Murat in his youth had often ridden as postillion. This circumstance was known in Germany when he came to take possession of the Duchy of Berg. By the oddest caprice in the German language, the word *Schwager* signified both postillion and brother-in-law. A caricature appeared of Murat in the livery of a post-boy, and underneath was written :—*Ein Kaiserlicher Schwager*, which signifies both an Imperial post-boy, and the brother-in law of the Emperor.

and the northern dépôt at Valenciennes consisted of those who were arrested at Brussels, Antwerp, Boulogne, Calais, &c. A few individuals who were arrested at Geneva were sent away to Verdun in the very beginning, some months before the re-union of the three dépôts at that place.

FONTAINBLEAU.

All the English who were at Paris were summoned before the governor of the city, General Junot, the son of a hair-dresser, and at present Duke of Abrantes, who behaved to some of our first gentlemen with the greatest insolence, and permitted some few, at the intercession of some brother general, or some general's mistress, to remain a day or two longer at Paris, just as the whim

or humour of the moment might dictate, and ordered the others away to Fontainebleau. Here they probably met with some indignities, but their treatment there was so much better than what they experienced afterwards at Verdun, that we have nothing to notice, except that they were obliged to show themselves once a week, and to retire to their houses before ten o'clock at night, after which hour, if they were found in the street, they were conducted to the guard-house. Several English feigned sickness in order to remain at Paris, bribed their doctor to give them a certificate of ill health, and even kept their beds when they expected a visit from a gendarme to inquire after them. Mr. Robinson, late member of parliament for Oakhampton, and a man advanced in years, was paying his compliments to General Junot, who did not even offer

him a seat. At length, overcome with fatigue, and the heat of the weather, "If you will permit me, mon general," said he, "I will take a chair?" "If so," answered Junot, "you may go into the anti-chamber."

This is the same Junot, who, when he surrendered to the British arms in Portugal, was not only treated with the greatest politeness by our generals, but was embarked by them to return home, loaded with the spoil of our allies. The French officers were not only surprised at this extraordinary indulgence, for, without our interference, the Portuguese would have stript them of their plunder, but even expected notwithstanding the capitulation to be conducted prisoners to England; for they allowed that they had broke their faith so often to us, that they never imagined that we should keep our's to them. Upon their landing in France,

a number of Jews swarmed to the seaport, to buy the silver crucifixes and chandeliers of which they had robbed the churches. If we imagine by this romantic behaviour to gain the esteem of the French, we mistake. It might have had that effect when they had a Henry IV. or a Francis I. at their head. At present, far from admiring our sincerity, they turn it into ridicule. And one of the officers, who had returned from the expedition, said to an Englishman at a table d'hote, *vous etes vraiment bons, vous autres anglais* (you Englishmen are a pack of simpletons.)

In exchange for Junot and his army all the *detenus* in France might have been released, nor could he, who had conducted himself with so much insolence to them in their distressing situation, have any right to complain of our want of faith.

NIMES.

Nothing deserving of mention happened to the *detenus* at Nîmes, who all speak with the highest praise of the goodness and politeness with which they were treated by the General de Flecheville, who had the surveillance over them.

VALENCIENNES.

Several English families and bachelors, residing at Boulogne, were ordered to this dépôt, where they met their countrymen from Brussels and other places in the north of France. They had flattered themselves that they would have been suffered to remain at Boulogne, as the money that

they spent there was of infinite service to the town, where whole streets had been built for their reception; but the first consul, while reviewing the Army of the Ocean on the sea-shore, having been fired at by an English cutter, Canute the Great could not have retired more indignantly from the beach. The magistrates had recommended to the English not to appear in public during his stay at the place; but an English lady, not being able to resist her curiosity, peeped at the window on the cavalcade. The man of destiny (as the Germans called him) being told that it was an English woman, flew into a violent passion, and all the English, men, women, and children, were ordered to quit the town before night. It was dark before they could pack up all the effects that they could transport with them: yet they were obliged to be without the gates before they were

shut. Buonaparte being there with a numerous suite, there was a scarcity of post-horses; a lady represented this to the Commandant. "You must go on foot," said he.—Such is the French gallantry of the new school.

Not being able to ravel far that night, a number remained till the next day in the first village; but an Englishman named Greet, who being of a studious character, had remained in his lodgings, and knew nothing of the order, being found the next morning in the town, was thrown into the common prison. At length he was released, and permitted to follow the others to Valenciennes.

The English at Brussels were assured, when they acknowledged themselves prisoners, that they would be permitted to remain there, but in the last week of June, 1803, they received an order to depart for Valenciennes,

where they were enjoined to arrive on the following Monday at twelve o'clock. This unexpected order for their departure may be attributed to the expected arrival of Buonaparte and his august spouse. The whole town was to be illuminated, and every distinction which French servility could invent, paid to the illustrious couple. As it was known how odious the sight of an Englishman is to their Corsican chief, all the English were ordered out of the town, and were thus deprived of the edifying spectacle of seeing the cast-off mistress of Mirabeau (Madame Doulcet Pontecoulant, wife of the prefect) doing the honors of the place to the cast-off mistress of Barras.

Barras, who since his loss of power, had been leading the life of a sybarite at Brussels, where he was strictly watched by the police, was also required to quit the town, lest his ap-

pearance should reproach his antient minion with ingratitude, and remind his antient protégée with her late infamy; but Barras sturdily refused to leave the town.

General de Boubers, the commandant at Valenciennes, behaved to the *detenus* with the greatest kindness and politeness; except on one or two occasions, when he seemed to forget himself. He was a gentleman before the Revolution, was accustomed to the usages of honorable war, and appeared not to relish the office of a jailer: but perhaps while I am praising him, I am doing him an injury at the Thuilleries. Many people in place have ill-treated the English merely to pay their court to Buonaparte, and the same individuals, were France to have had a chief favorably disposed toward England, would have loaded them with caresses, and beslobbered them with their embraces. Such is the Grand Nation—

General de Boubers, though of a humane and well meaning character, and perfectly well-bred and polite in his manners, was not without his foibles. He not only was violently offended with **Mr. Patterson**, for passing him in the street without pulling off his hat, but had the weakness to complain of this supposed slight. He, however, complained in a polite manner. Not so another general, who, meeting with **Mr. Cramer** and **Colonel Williams**, who had arrived at Verdun from **Lions**, some months before the other *detenus*, and who were walking on the ramparts. Though he knew them not, and had no authority over them, he stopped them, and in the most abusive terms, that only the delicacy of the French language would admit, threatened to put them under arrest, for not bowing to an officer in a general's uniform.—Such is a republican general.

But to return to **General de Boubers**. Captain Elrington, formerly in the Guards, saw the General, as he imagined, in some difficulty with another Englishman, who could not make himself understood in French. In the politest manner he approached them, and offered to interpret for his countryman, when the General, who happened that day to suffer from the gravel, flew into a violent passion, and sent him into prison for meddling. The Captain was confined that night among the common malefactors, and might have remained longer in durance vile, had not Mrs. Broughton (daughter-in-law of Sir Thomas Broughton) gone the next day and interceded for him. The old Cavalier (for though become a Republican, he always took care to remind one that he had formerly been a Noble) could not refuse any thing to a lady; and was induced by gallantry, rather

than by a love of justice, to give orders for his release. His pains had luckily subsided, or he would have been puzzled to explain the motives of the young officer's arrest.

If by coming to France, one exposes one's self to such treatment from a man of humanity and a gentleman, what may be the fate of those who are under the authority of any brutal upstart, who would seize every opportunity of loading with indignities every person of rank or consideration?

The population of Valenciennes, which was before the Revolution 22,000 inhabitants, is now only 16,000. The town is well built, with a handsome market place: many large hotels, formerly belonging to the noblesse, are now the property of the lowest mechanics. One immense hotel belongs to a ci-devant blacksmith, another to a ci-devant taylor. An English linen mer-

chant, named Ewebank, now become a French citizen, has bought several houses both in the town and the neighbourhood. For a spacious hotel with a large garden he gave but £25. and the others he purchased at the same rate. The town had suffered greatly during the siege under the Duke of York. The ramparts and houses on one side were a heap of ruins and rubbish. The English were sent here that their money might repair the ravage of their arms. Some officers in 1803 entered it as prisoners, who in 1793 had entered it in triumph. Perhaps the Corsican selected Valenciennes out of a pitiful spite. He imagined that the towns-people were as little minded as himself, and that they would retaliate upon the *detenus*, for all that they had lost and suffered, at a period when they were obliged to retire into their cellars for safety, and the British artillery

was rattling their houses about their heads.

All these sufferings, however, were forgot; and the English had no reason to complain either of the dishonesty or incivility of the inhabitants. They were hospitable as far as their means allowed, and those who were willing to cultivate their acquaintance, were sometimes invited to little balls and suppers. There however was scarcely any noblesse in the place, or if there were any people of rank, they, as is the case in most parts in France, had lost their fortunes in the Revolution; and were obliged to keep in the background, and to leave to the *nouveaux riches*, and to the cambric merchants the task of doing the honours of the town. But the generality of the English were so exasperated at their detention, that they had conceived an aversion to every thing French, and avoided any intercourse with them.

The English formed two clubs at Valenciennes, one of which was frequented by ladies. The play-house was handsome, and deserved better actors. The hospitality of Lord Barrington, at whose hotel every gentleman found the politest attention and the heartiest welcome, offered a resource to the first *detenus*. It was worthy of a peer. His poorer countrymen, when in distress, were fed from his kitchen; nor was his humanity less to the British sailors, these victims of national rancor, who were frequently marched in the depth of winter, without a shoe to their feet, across the Republic in all directions, in order to persuade the French that they had taken the greater number of our ships. Whenever any of the miserable parties passed through Valenciennes, half famished and half naked, Lord Barrington interceded with the general to procure them any indul-

gence, sent them a comfortable dinner, and often provided them with clothes and other necessaries for their march at his own expence.

A story was circulated at Valenciennes, though possibly without foundation—During the siege ten years before, some of the British soldiers had seized upon a quantity of plate, and had buried it near a tree, which stands single in a large plain between Valenciennes and Quesnoy. This tree, which from the neighbourhood of the camp was called the Duke of York's tree, was designed to mark the spot. These soldiers returned home with the army, but now one of the party who happened to be among the *detenus*, or some of their friends, acting according to their direction, stole out one night and dug up the treasure. Such was the account given by the peasants, who offered to show the spot.

During the two first months, the English were not obliged to attend any *appel* or roll-call; at length they were ordered to appear before the Commissary of Police every three weeks, afterwards every fortnight; and as they were kept stricter and stricter every day, they were before long obliged to show themselves twice a week, and in the end twice a day; and though they at first were allowed to go out of the gates, and to make excursions of pleasure in the neighbourhood, they were during the latter part of their stay at Valenciennes confined within the walls of the town.

This severity was to prevent the evasion of the *detenus*. For some having succeeded in their attempt, it quite grew the fashion at last; and those who proposed to follow their example made no secret of their intention. Forty individuals of different ranks ar-

rived without difficulty on the other side of the Rhine. Every morning, those who came upon the promenade enquired who were decamped in the preceding night. Some went disguised as peasants, others with borrowed passports, as German, Dutch, or American travellers. Several married men left their wives and children behind them, who were suffered to follow them without molestation. Some effected their escape without speaking a word either of French or German. One man with a wooden leg, who by the bye had been arrested lest he should serve in the militia, tied a rope to a poker, and let himself down from a very high rampart; he then bought an old horse of a peasant, to whom he promised to give it back, if he would conduct him to a certain distance, and having hired a cabriole, arrived on the Rhine.

Among the *detenus* was a clergyman

named White. He had written to Regnier, the Grand Judge, to represent that far from being obliged to serve in the militia, his services would not be accepted, were he to offer them. Regnier, in his answer, had the barbarity to add insult to injustice, and declared, that if he had the folly to acknowledge himself to be a prisoner, it was his own fault. Yet Regnier must have known, that if he had refused to surrender himself, he would have been cast into prison. He was one of the first to make his escape.

The women being at first suffered to leave the Republic, a husband had a passport made out for his wife, whose name was Georgiana, which he altered into George & Anna; so that the passport serving for both, he took a carriage and proceeded leisurely to Germany.

At length Lieutenant Colonel Smith,

and the two Messrs. Joddrell, determined to make a run for their liberty. I will not pronounce their punctilious ideas of honor false, but they certainly did a great deal of harm to their countrymen, whom they left behind, who suffered for their chevalresque delicacy. Had they slipt out of the town quietly, and gone off, as other gentlemen of the first consideration had not scrupled to do, their evasion would not have been noticed. Every *detenu* had received from General de Boubers a passport, (*carte de, sortie*) without which the sentinels would not suffer him to pass through the gates of the town. These three gentlemen waited on the Commandant, thanked him for his civilities, returned to him their *cartes*, and announced to him, that as they considered themselves not as lawful prisoners, they would take the first opportunity to escape. The Commandant was so asto-

nished at this extraordinary declaration, that he had not the presence of mind to have them arrested on the spot, as he might have done by the sentinel at his door. They made their bows, quitted him, mounted their horses, which were ready saddled, and rode out of the town without loss of time. In a neighbouring village they disguised themselves as peasants, and after a long march arrived on the German side of the Rhine, at a village which was formerly a suburb to Cologne.

They had scarcely escaped through the gates before the guard came to their house to arrest them. By flying in the general's face, they not only would have incurred a severer treatment to themselves, had they been retaken, but obliged him to pursue measures which rendered the escape of others more difficult. The *cartes de sortie* were now taken away

from the other prisoners, who could now no longer go out of the gates, and were ordered to appear once, sometimes twice a-day at the muster, instead of once a fortnight.

Meanwhile their English carriage and their luggage were suffered to quit Valenciennes, and to proceed towards the Rhine, in order to lull them into security. But while they were waiting their arrival, flattering themselves that they were in safety upon neutral ground, some gendarmes were dispatched over the river to seize them, and they had just time to escape farther into Germany. Could they suppose, that a government that had violated the laws of hospitality, would respect the territory of one of the Princes of Nassau? It is true, that the Duke of Enguien was then living, and the Corsican had at that period not entirely dropt the mask.

Colonel Abercrombie in a private conversation with General de Boubers, having said, that a prisoner confined within the walls of a town could not be considered upon his parole, was confined to the citadel for three days. Perhaps the General thought, by enforcing his measures of severity against a prisoner of the highest estimation, to intimidate the rest.

Mr. Brooke, M. P. for Newtown, in Lancashire, having a clever French valet, who had procured a passport for two travelling merchants, and who had packed up all his master's luggage, left a large company with whom he had been dining, and who imagined that he had only returned to his lodgings; meanwhile he passed through the gates in his travelling chaise, and arrived without the least difficulty at Cologne. No escape was conducted with so much coolness and deliberation. Mr. B.

waited to call upon his banker at Cologne, and then stepped into his carriage, and passed the bridge into the German territories. Other *detenus* have rather escaped like galley slaves, who had broke loose from the hulks, and were running for their lives.

Mr. Broughton, son of the Baronet, had received permission to pass a fortnight with his wife at Brussels. At length the fortnight having expired, he was ordered to return to Valenciennes. But at that time the English women not being considered as prisoners, Mrs. B. procured passports for herself and German servants. He having taken leave of her in public, as if to depart to Valenciennes, returned privately, . disguised himself in a livery jacket, and riding before her carriage as courier to order horses, the family all arrived safe in Germany. At Francfort, however, where he remained some

weeks, he ran great risk of being retaken. The French government had sent gendarmes to seize him; but being apprised of his danger, Mr. B. decamped a second time in the night, and found safety in a town at a greater distance from the French frontier.

Among the successful fugitives from Valenciennes were Mr. Harcourt, Colonel Nicholson of the Marines, Captain Whitaker, Captain Benson, Captain Brewer, Mr. Mills Jackson, Mr. Fraser, and Captain Sutton, of the packet-boat.

Some *detenus* also made their escape from the other two depôts. Mr. Mosely for instance escaped from Fontainbleau; but the English at that place amused themselves so well in making excursions to Paris, that scarce any of them thought of escaping. But it was otherwise at a dull town like Valen-

ciennes, where they had no amusement, no diversions to dissipate their ennui.

Some others had escaped from the towns where they had been permitted to remain. Mr. Charles Wollesley soon after his detention had decamped from Spa.

RE-UNION OF THE THREE DEPOTS AT VERDUN:

At length an order arrived in December, 1803, that the three dépôts should be united at Verdun, and that all the *detenus* in France should be transported thither at their own expence. The party from Fontainbleau were suffered to make this journey without gendarmes, and the road that they were to take being marked out for them, they might travel on foot or on

horseback, in their own carriages or in the diligence, at their own option, provided they arrived at Verdun on the sixth day. But the government had less confidence in their guests at Valenciennes. They were obliged to travel under the guard of a gendarme, to whom they were ordered to pay five shillings a day, and to defray his eating and drinking at the inns on the road; and as the gendarme generally recommended whatever inn he thought proper, he probably received a fee from the inn-keeper, which was charged in the *detenus'* bill.

This was one of the first impositions that the English suffered in France. The French, who when accused or suspected of any crime, are, instead of being thrown into prison, committed to the care of a gendarme, must pay him five shillings a day to defray the expences of his living; whereas the English

were ordered to pay every gendarme the same sum, and to pay his expences besides; and these fellows preferred the best wines, and called for the best cheer that the inns could produce.

The General de Boubers, who did every thing in his power to soften the rigor of his orders, and took leave of his prisoners almost with tears in his eyes, had recommended to them to make parties to go on the same day; as one gendarme might in that case have charge of two or three carriages, and a number might defray the expences of a guard between them; whereas, if they went separate, each must pay for a guard.

Conceive the indignation of free-born Britons, of people of rank and education, travelling like culprits under the orders of a constable, and to each of these constables they were obliged to pay from one hundred and fifty to two

hundred livres, besides his expences on the road.

Those gentlemen, who at first refused to pay this sum, were menaced to be marched on foot with the common sailors, to be guarded from stage to stage by the gendarmes of the different towns on their route, and to be shut up at night in the common jails with half a pound of straw to sleep on: and they were told, that if the local gendarmes were not ready to escort them, they might be obliged to wait their leisure for several days together, among the filth, vermin, and felons of a prison. And what was their crime?—their confidence in the loyalty of the Great Nation.

I cannot here omit the spirited conduct of Lieutenant Colonel Swayne of the Artillery. Upon every occasion acting *suaviter in modo*, he acted in this *fortiter in re*. He positively refused

to take a gendarme. The general expressed his regret that he should be obliged to send him on foot with the common people. "In that case," answered he, "I will march at their head in my colonel's uniform." The general was afraid of the sensation that this would cause, and before the next morning sent him and two of his friends, Mr. Darell, and Mr. Ruding, a particular permission to make the journey together, without a gendarme.

Another time, Colonel Swayne silenced in the completest manner Lepinat, the colonel of the gendarmerie, who had come to Valenciennes to take the command over the *detenus*, and who had the indelicacy to assert at General de Boubert's house, that the French prisoners in England were confined in the coal-mines—an accusation against the British government, which the French government have been at the

pains to spread, in order to justify their treatment of the *detenus*, and which was at one time believed by the people in France.

Nor did Colonel Swayne behave with less gallantry afterwards at Verdun, when one of our young countrymen, being rather in liquor, was making too much noise at the gaming-table. A gendarme, who was there for his pleasure, had the presumption to lay hold of him, and without further ceremony was going to conduct him to the guard-house. Such was the terror of a gendarme, that the other English looked on as passive spectators ; the fellow was not on duty, but had come to win or lose his money like another. Colonel Swayne interposed, reprimanded him for his insolence, and though he was not personally acquainted with the young man, threatened to knock down

the first gendarme who ventured to lay his hand upon a British officer.

The distance between Valenciennes and Verdun was thirty posts, or about one hundred and fifty miles. The *dete-nus* had been permitted to remain quietly at the different depôts during the best season for travelling, and now, in the depth of winter, when the ground was covered with snow, those, who could not afford a carriage, were obliged to march so many leagues on foot.

The distress of many families with young children, and who perhaps had left England from motives of economy, was beyond description. Many of them had laid in their stock of fuel, and perhaps paid for their lodgings for the winter. The French would not buy their wood, as it was certain that they would in the end be obliged to give it away. Colonel Philips of the Marines,

who had sailed round the world with Cooke, was reduced to travel with his wife and children, one of them a suckling, in an open cart, not better than a baggage waggon. Many a party from Valenciennes had the appearance of strolling players; and though the gendarmes, when they have to deal with people in affluence, are generally civil; they give themselves every air of insolence to those who are not in a way to pay their politeness.

Mr. Storer, of Jamaica, was among the number who were ordered to Verdun from the South of France. He, with his tutor, the Rev. Mr. Gorden, were proceeding on their way in their chaise, under the guard of a gendarme, when Mr. Storer, pretending that he was tempted by the fineness of the weather, desired the gendarme to take his seat in the carriage, and to let him ride his horse: the fellow having complied,

Mr. Storer rode off and effected his escape, leaving his companion to continue his route with the gendarme. Upon their arrival at Verdun, Mr. Storer's carriage and wardrobe were sold by public auction, for the benefit of the Grand Nation.

At length the different parties arrived at Verdun. Every town looks dismal at this season of the year, and the appearance of this was not calculated to dissipate their gloomy thoughts. As they passed over the draw-bridge, and through the arched gateway, the idea of a citadel and fortress, of dungeons and chains, occurred to many of them. Every company on passing the guard-house was attended by a gendarme to the citadel, where they were described from head to foot in the commandant's register, and obliged a second time to give their parole in writing, as if a person would scruple more to break his

second parole than his first. They were enjoined not to miss the *appel* the next morning, and suffered to return into the town to look for lodgings.

The number of the *detenus* who arrived at Verdun might have amounted to three hundred, consisting of people of rank and fortune: clergymen, physicians, merchants, tradesmen, and servants.

In September, 1805, about one hundred *detenus* having been marched off to Valenciennes, some individuals being permitted to reside in other towns, and several being confined in the fortresses of Bitsche, Saarlouis, Metz, &c. the number at Verdun on the 3d of December, 1805, consisted of one hundred and nine persons of distinction (*qualifiés*) seven artisans, and forty-one servants, all named in the *appel-book*. In 1807, the one hundred *detenus* were marched back again to Verdun from

Valenciennes ; but a number having since been allowed to reside in different towns, and some few having made their escape, there are probably about two hundred *detenus* at present (1809) in Verdun, and one hundred in the different towns and prisons in France.

The number of prisoners of war at Verdun has generally amounted to four hundred, consisting chiefly of naval officers, and masters of merchant ships ; and including a few officers of the army, who had been shipwrecked on the French coast, and some passengers who had been taken on their voyage from the East Indies. Add to these, some common seamen, who, instead of being sent to Givet or Saarlouis, the usual depôts for sailors, were permitted to remain at Verdun, at the intercession of any persons of respectability, who would take them into their service.

Though at the first detention of the

Englishmen, their wives and children were permitted to leave the republic, several of our countrywomen had not availed themselves of this permission, but were resolved to share the fate of their husbands. Thus there were about twenty English families, some of which of the highest respectability, established at Verdun. The presence of these ladies contributed no doubt to the *agremens* of the depôt. But other husbands when they saw them reduced to the humiliation of paying court to a *poissade** like Madame Wirion, con-

* *Les Dames de la Halle*, or *Poissades* of Paris, are not less noted for the volubility of their tongues than the fishwomen at Billingsgate; and are, perhaps, the only class in France, that during a succession of revolutions, have maintained their ancient privilege of freedom of speech. One of these ladies having harangued with little ceremony against the abuses of government and the misconduct of people in power, an emissary

gratulated themselves that they had insisted upon their wives returning to England.

Some of the *detenus* began living beyond their means, and every day bills from England returned protested; while others, whose revenues were greater, were so exasperated against the French government, that they resolved to save every farthing, as they considered their arrestation a speculation of finance. Many who were living in a suitable style in other towns in France, laid

of the police ordered her to be silent.—“And who are you,” said the Poissade, “who pretend to order me to hold my tongue?”—“I belong to the Police,” answered the emissary, unbuttoning his great coat, in order to show the badge of the Eagle. *Voila les armes de l'Empereur.*—Upon which, his antagonist showing those charms which the Venus of Medicis was so anxious to conceal, answered, “*Tais-toi, voila les armes de l'Imperatrice.*”

down their carriage and dismissed their servants. One gentleman vowed, that when his coat was worn out at the elbows, he would cut off the skirts to mend them, rather than buy a yard of cloth in the country. Others vied with each other in expence, and flung away their money, without reflecting, that the more money they spent in France the less willing the French would be to release them.

Some individuals, nay even some families, have been reduced to their last shilling, and have not had the means of purchasing a dinner. Several with a laudable pride have suffered in silence, without making their distresses known. It is incredible upon what trifles some persons have subsisted, though accustomed to every comfort which their rank and fortune at home entitled them. The delay of a bill of exchange has reduced many to extremities, while others

without any funds or expectations have contrived to run in debt, and have put their acquaintance and tradesmen under contribution, to give entertainments and to supply their tables with every delicacy. The French soon perceived that those who made the greatest figure were not always the richest. The sum which the *detenus* were supposed to spend at first, has been generally exaggerated; but even allowing to each *detenu* or prisoner of war one hundred pounds a year, they could not have spent fifty thousand pounds a year (the common people not being included). But whatever might have been the sum squandered at first, the sum spent at Verdun at present must be comparatively small; as the richest *detenus* are now permitted to reside in other towns, and many of those, whom they have left behind, are struggling with want, and at the mercy of their creditors.

The situation of Verdun is not disagreeable. Many points of view are highly picturesque. The prospect from the Bishop's palace, which is situated on a hill, and the Roche, which is a kind of terrace, would have charmed any strangers who arrived in better humor than the *detenus*. The streets, however, were less lively than those at Fontainebleau, nor could the houses be compared in comfort and cleanliness with those of Valenciennes. There are but few hotels of the ancient noblesse, and those generally in the least conspicuous part of the town. The playhouse is miserable for a French garrison.

Before the arrival of the English there were but three or four good shops; the others sold ginger-bread and fire-matches. The Bourgeoises drest like servant maids; but soon after their arrival the whole town was alive; the

shops were ornamented with crystal glass windows as at Paris, which were filled with jewellery, and the most fashionable articles of dress; and the shop-keepers' wives and daughters were attired in silks and muslins. One street, from its noise and bustle, received the name of Bond-street, and became the morning lounge. The circulating library, which had before contained a very paltry collection of books, was considerably augmented, and received from time to time the newest publications from Paris. In short, the place was every day perceptibly improving.

Such being the advantages which accrued to Verdun from our detention there, it was natural that many towns should cabal at Paris for the honor of becoming our prison; and that which by its baseness and servility, had the greatest claim upon the gratitude of the Corsican, was to have the privilege of plundering the English.

When the news arrived in the province, that Verdun was to be the favored place, the mayor of Metz, which is about forty miles distant, posted up to Paris, and demanded an audience of Buonaparte. He represented to him, that Metz being a much larger and more populous city, would be preferable to Verdun, as a depôt for the English. The little hero answered, that his worship mistook, as the number of *citizens* at Verdun exceeded the number of *citizens* at Metz. The mayor stared, as well he might, and imagined that the First Consul was very ignorant of geography, as Metz is three times as large as Verdun; when Buonaparte shewed him the list of the inhabitants of the different towns who had voted for his being consul for life. More suffrages in his favor had been collected at Verdun than at Metz, where, as in most towns towards the German fron-

tier, Buonaparte is extremely unpopular. "You see," said he with a frown, "there are more *citoyens* at Verdun than at Metz." The mayor retired in confusion. Such is the present system of bribery and corruption in France.

The mayor of Verdun was in gratitude particularly active in collecting votes, when Buonaparte had assumed the imperial purple: he went into every house to canvas. More abuse in collecting the votes for the abolition of the slave trade had never taken place in England. He collected all the rabble together. According to the law, as it stands at present, only persons of property and education are entitled to vote. A footman of Madame de Watronville, a gentlewoman of eighty years of age, was called upon by the mayor to give his vote. The poor fellow, who had all his life ate his bread in the service of a family of old nobility, knew enough of

politics to detest the Corsican ; but yet in this land of liberty he durst not declare his sentiments. To escape voting, he alleged that he had no property. " Never mind," said the mayor, " your mistress will soon die, and will leave you a legacy." " But I can't write," said he. " Well then," answered the mayor, " I will write your name for you." And his name was written among those of the *notables* who voted for the new dynasty.

The inhabitants of Verdun were often apprehensive of losing the English. General Wirion at first took a private lodging, but he preferred being lodged at the expence of the town. He therefore sent for the mayor, and threatened that if the municipality would not provide him with a house, furniture, &c. he would exert his influence with the government, that the *detenus* should be sent to some other town. The mu

nicipality knew their own interest, and the *maison de ville* was fitted up for his reception. He however, the year following, took up his abode in the citadel.

LODGINGS.

Not only the price of every article of food and raiment was increased, often doubled since the arrival of the English, but lodgings were now let for a larger price by the month than before they had produced by the year. Several families gave ten louis a month for a house, or for a floor in a large hotel; and the prisoners were not permitted to change their lodging without the consent of the general. This enabled our military tipstaff to favor or to vent his spite against any inhabitant of

the place. Should he have any quarrel with a house-holder, the *detenu* received an order to seek for lodgings elsewhere. Captain Elrington (a *detenu*), and Mr. Halford of the navy (a prisoner of war), were lodged very much to their satisfaction, in a house which overlooked the Bishop's garden and the adjacent country, and enjoyed one of the finest views in the town; when unexpectedly they received an order from the general Wirion to quit their lodgings. They answered, that they preferred it to any in the town.—To no purpose.—*Stat pro ratione voluntas*. Much against their will, they were obliged to comply, though for a length of time they could not discover the motive of the order.

In no country in Europe is treachery reduced to so perfect a system as in France. Their laudlord, named Varennes, was a police officer, and the general

at first allowed him twelve livres a day to be a spy over the English ; but the man was worthy to serve his employer, and is probably before this time a member of the Legion of Honor ; for he not only took the general's money, but secretly became the government spy over the general.—Set a thief to catch a thief. Unluckily, he, according to the vulgar proverb, had caught the wrong sow by the ear. One of the general's friends in the police office at Paris sent him the letter, in which Varennes had criticised him without mercy. The general sent for him, and dissembling his rage with all the self-command of a Bow-street officer, informed him that some secret enemy had been endeavoring to do him an ill office, and told him, that he relied upon his sagacity and honor (for, like Peachem and Locket, they had always this word in their mouth) to discover who this

base back-biter was. Varennes pretended to give loose to his indignation, that any one could be base enough to traduce so upright a character; and after many encomiums on his patron's integrity and other merits, promised to exert himself to discover the lurking villain. The general opens a drawer, and without further comment gives him the letter in his own hand-writing. Varennes retired covered with confusion, and the two lodgers were ordered to quit his house. The pitiful spite of the general would not allow him his share in the plunder of the English.

APPEL, OR ROLL-CALL.

ONE of the impositions was the roll-call, to which the English were at first obliged to submit once a day. They

were ordered to appear at the *maison de ville*, and write their names in a book. Should they miss the *appel*, they were fined half-a-crown. The indignation of people of distinction may be conceived, at the indignity of appearing like so many culprits before the gendarmes, who sat there with all the importance of Bow-street officers. When the hour was expired, they without losing a moment hurried to the lodgings of the defaulters to collect the fines.

At the same time that the *detenus*, who had no military rank, whatever might have been their connexions and line of life at home, would only have received three halfpence, and half-a-pound of bread from the French government, on which they might have starved, had they not been assisted by the charitable contributions of their countrymen; they were ordered to pay

half-a-crown, or twenty days pay to a common soldier, for his trouble in looking after them at their lodgings, to see that they had not made their escape. When one compares the two sums, the extravagance of the one and the smallness of the other must strike every one. If an Englishman could subsist on three sous a day, what effrontery to exact three livres for the trouble of a common soldier's calling at his lodgings? But if three livres was a reasonable recompense for his trouble, with what humanity could they allow a poor traveller, whose sole crime was his confidence in their hospitality, only three sous and half-a-pound of bread a day?

A poor man, named Smith, who had once been a creditable tradesman, but who having been induced by some loss in trade to quit his country, contrived to get a miserable existence by teaching reading and writing to the

children of some of the *detenus*, for a few sous the lesson, was obliged to pay his half-a-crown. And another, named Huchinson, who lived by teaching the Italian language, having had the imprudence to say to the gendarme, "that this imposition was unworthy of the *soi-disant* Grand Nation," his words were reported to General Wirion, and he was ordered to Bitsche. The prisoners conducted to this fortress were usually allowed to hire a carriage at their own expence, but he, though he offered to pay for one, was, as the general expressed it, to punish him for his insolence, obliged to march like a culprit on foot, was transported from town to town by the gendarmes of the different towns on the road, was at night lodged upon straw in the common jails, and sometimes obliged to stay among the felons a whole day, if the commissary of police found it inconvenient to

spare him a gendarme to continue his march. He was confined many months at Bitsche for this slight offence.

Many of the English received in the beginning the permission to attend the *appel* only every fifth day; but in April, 1804, an order was published, that every one should attend two *appels* a day. This probably took place to put more money into the pockets of the gendarmes; for there could be no just cause for this new severity, as no one had escaped in consequence of being exempt from the *appel*. How would our old Etonians of fifty years of age relish being obliged to attend nine and two o'clock absence?

Those who were too lazy to rise early in the morning, paid a regular sum every month to a French doctor, to be put on the sick list. Doctor Madan made more money by selling these false certificates than ever he made by medi-

cine. Wirion and he probably shared the fees.

Several English made an arrangement, with the gendarmes, who wrote their names for them on the *appel-list*. It cost half-a-louis d'or a month to be excused the morning *appels*, and a louis d'or to be excused both *appels*. If we were desirous of making an excursion into the country, or of dining in a neighbouring wood, we were obliged to beg in the humblest terms to be excused an *appel*. Many, however, though they wished to see the environs, would not stoop to ask such a favor.

The indigent *detenus* who were unable to pay the fine were confined in the citadel for a day or two, and even several of the principal ones, though they refused not to pay it, were unexpectedly arrested at their lodgings, and obliged, besides feeding him, to pay five shillings a day to the gendarme,

who guarded them there, and as these gendarmes expected to eat and drink in the first style, the expence of each might be reckoned at from ten to fifteen shillings a day: moreover, the *detenu* was obliged to prepare a bed for him in the next apartment; or if he had but one room, in his own apartment. Thus the inconvenience of the measure equalled its extravagance. The honourable Mr. Tufton, and Captain Dillon, R. N. were once for missing an *appel* condemned to house arrest for five days; they, however, were graciously released on the second day.

In October, 1805, after the departure of the one hundred and twenty *detenus* who were marched off to Valenciennes, the prisoners that remained, except the midshipmen and masters of merchant vessels, were required only to attend one *appel* a day.

Soon after several of the *detenus*, and

most of the officers of the army and navy, received a second time the permission to appear only every fifth day. This was acting according to the generosity and hospitality of the grand nation. The officers, who were taken with arms in their hands, who landed as enemies, were treated with greater lenity and indulgence than we, who arrived as friends. In short, the government always shewed a rancor against the English, though it at the same time betrayed its fears of retaliation. Had it ill-treated the prisoners of war, reprisals might be made on the prisoners of war in England ; whereas the English government not having arrested the peaceable French in England, the French government imagined, that they might torment and vex their guests with impunity. Thus lieutenants in the navy, often mere boys, were indulged with lying in bed in the morning, while *detenus*, perhaps old enough to be their

fathers, were obliged to wade through the dirty streets to the morning appel.

Here also the general had it in his power to shew his favor and partiality, the characteristics of a despotic government, in which even a Bow-street officer has a share. Those who had invited him to dinner the oftenest, those whose equipages he might command, those who presented him with pine apples, those who lost their money to him at cards, together with some few, to whose age or infirmities he out of common decency could not refuse a dispensation, received a note from him with his compliments, saying that he was very happy in granting them this indulgence. To several it was hinted, that if they would request the same favor, it would be granted to them. To others it was refused without ceremony. Some few held the government and the general in such contempt, that they would prefer

submitting to any hardship or inconvenience rather than request a favor from a man whose spite indeed might vex them, but was more honorable to them than his partiality.

PERMISSION TO GO OUT OF THE GATES.

Every Englishman, who wished to be allowed to take a walk, or pass a few hours out of the town, was obliged to apply for a permission from the general, which was on a printed paper in the form of a passport. This he was to deliver to the gendarmes who guarded the gates, who delivered it to him again when he returned. By this means the gendarmes knew at the hours of shutting the gates if any prisoner had not returned ; a search was made after him who was missing, and a cannon was fired as a signal to the peasants, to stop

any Englishman who might be making his escape.

It frequently happened that when the English presented their passports to the gendarmes, expecting to be permitted to go out as usual, they were informed that the general had ordered that no prisoner should be permitted to go out of the town that day. These prohibitions were dictated by the whim of the moment, or for reasons which he never condescended to explain. Perhaps a society might have ordered a dinner at a neighboring village, when they were unexpectedly disappointed by one of these prohibitions; and the next day they were obliged to pay for a repast of which they had not partaken. How humiliating this treatment was, when ladies had been invited to the party, as they had the permission to walk, though their lords and masters had not—At first it was understood that these permis-

sions were sufficient for those who wished to ride out, as well as for those who walked out of the town on foot; but e'er long, General Wirion required, that those who wished to ride out on horseback, or in a carriage, should solicit a permission extraordinary. This was probably a caprice of importance, to reduce some of the *detenus* to the humiliation of begging a favor; for no one had made his escape on horseback, which alone could be a reason for the prohibition.

A *detenu*, who supported himself by horse-dealing, being caught in a shower, borrowed a great coat from an inhabitant of a neighbouring village, who came to Verdun, and demanded an exorbitant sum for some slight damage which it had received. The *detenu* offered an indemnity, which every one whom he consulted judged more than reasonable, or proposed to let the cause

be brought before a court of justice ;
 when the general threatened the poor
 horse-dealer, that if he refused to pay
 what the other demanded, he would take
 away his permission to ride out on horse-
 back or in a carriage, which would have
 deprived him of his livelihood.

ENGLISH SOCIETY.

When late in a frolic, dame Fortune or chance,
 Caress'd in all countries, but worshipp'd in
 France,

In a whimsical mood, brought together a rout
 Of dark, fair, and brown, 'twould be hard to
 make out

To what nation or climate the worthies belong ;
 But I'll e'en call them Britons, in aid to my song.
 Where a fort on a hill, and a city are seen,
 Both dismal enough to give Frenchmen the spleen,
 And the walls strong and lofty, not easy to win,
 Kept out foreign rogues—but now keep them
 within,

This crew are assembled, and think to a man
 That time is their enemy ; kill it who can.

Now racing and hunting their moments employ ;
 To ride from themselves is a subject of joy ;
 On the turf, for the natives a comical sight,
 See Thomas in pink beat his master in white.
 And crossing and jostling, the prize to obtain,
 In the dust lies his honor, and sprawls on the
 plain ;

Till he rises dejected, and scarce will presume
 To lift up his head in the sight of his groom.
 With a shrug the gay Frenchmen behold the
 young buck

Now fighting a cock, and now hunting a duck ;
 And, in praise of his bull-dog he talks with such
 fire,

They know not which animal most to admire,
 But the chace now begins—see the broken down
 hacks

Advance with the tally ho club on their backs,
 Condemn'd like mere school-boys to hunt with-
 in bounds

For a fox a dried herring, and curs for their
 hounds.

On the stage what a group of strange figures ap-
 pear,

Jack Falstaff usurping the part of King Lear ;
 With laughter Melpomene makes the house roar,
 And when we should laugh with Thalia, we snore.

Now plac'd round a table all cover'd with green,
 The Gentiles and Jews mix'd together are seen;
 While the harlots caress, and the black legs ap-
 plaud

A midshipman staking his gold like a lord;
 If he loses, in grog he may drown his distress,
 If he wins, he may sleep with a German Prin-
 cess*.

When e'er to a pic nic, the woodlands among,
 With the general's permission the *detenus* throng,
 Beware, ye bright dames, while the hours gaily
 pass,

Lest any *faux pas* rouse a snake in the grass.
 When the pic nic and race lose their power to de-
 light,

And theatricals prove but the jest of a night,
 Then scandal, which kept her in order before,
 Revives the old prude, now her conquests are
 o'er;

Who if flaws in a belle's reputation are found,
 Good natur'dly adds a new gash to the wound;
 The town is in arms, and the mischievous tale
 Shall live, 'till some other new folly prevail.

* One of the decoy ducks at the gaming table, from her having once been kept by a German prince, had assumed this title.

While pastimes like these, the dull hours to beguile,

Extort from the face philosophic a smile,
Should prudence intrude with a lecture in prose,
Can prudence the torrent of fashion oppose?
Like soft notes in a tempest, her voice would be
drown'd,

Or like zephyrs, when loud peals of thunder resound.

Our countrymen carried away by the tide,
Abandoning prudence, with fashion their guide,
The piper well paid, led by Monsieur a dance,
Will return with more wit, but light pockets
from France.

But if the poet, who gave the above satirical description of his fellow captives, had been as desirous of doing justice to the good, as of carping at their bad qualities, he would have found as much to praise as to blame among them. If, on one hand, Verdun offered in a small focus the spectacle of all the extravagance and dissipation of a capital, and might for noise and bustle be con-

sidered a little London, even at a time when every one complained of the insupportable dullness of Lyons, Bourdeaux, and Brussels, nay, of Paris itself; on the other hand, the societies there possessed an advantage which those of no provincial towns could offer. Being composed of persons of every rank of life, some of whom had inhabited every part of the globe, the conversation in every party took a general turn, and was replete with information. There were few topics on which some one was not able to converse; few countries which some one had not seen; all national distinctions between Irish, Scot, and English had ceased, and their only contest was to do the honors of their respective countries on their particular Saint's day with the most hospitality. All the clubs and messes were indiscriminately composed of the army, navy, and civilians. Here sat the grand tour-

ist, who had measured St. Peter's dome, and could inform the company of what stuff the pope's slipper was made ; there a country squire or manufacturer, who could compare Bakewell's breed with Spanish sheep, or Leed's broadcloth with *drap de Vigogne*. Here sat a knowing one, who had the racing calendar by heart ; and there a Cantab, who had the Gradus ad Parnassum at his fingers' ends. No bett, whether political or classical, whether commercial or military, could be started, but there was some one of the senate or turf, of the church or counting-house, of the army or navy, some blue coat, red coat, or black coat, present to decide it.

Among others, we will mention one mess or dinner party, consisting of ten members, *detenus*, or prisoners of war, each of whom were ingeniously said to represent some science, some country, or some political department. An ex-member of parliament was conversant

in the usages of the senate ; his neighbour, who had been attached to a German court, had studied the punctilios of etiquette ; a mercantile man had the board of trade assigned to him. Three officers in the service of the East India Company represented Calcutta, Bombay, and Madras. A military man had resided many years in the back settlements of Canada. Another member, who had lived in the neighbourhood of St. James's, knew all the *dramatis personæ* of fashionable life ; the ninth was a *bon vivant*, and member of the anacreontic society, and the universal reading and retentive memory of the last rendered him a living Trusler's chronology. Nothing rambles so quick as the conversation of a traveller, how then must the discourse ramble, when half a dozen travellers meet together. Now the company were entertained with the description of a sledge party at Vienna ;

now with the triumphal entry of some Rajah at Delhi. The *bon vivant* expatiated on the superiority of French cookery; and the Canadian detailed the bill of fare at some Cherokee entertainment. This man had seen the majestic torch dance at the royal nuptials at Berlin; his neighbour could describe the voluptuous attitudes of the dancing girls in the temple of Benares; and whenever the German accompanied his Serene Highness to the chace, where hares and pheasants were slaughtered by hundreds; the nabobs ordered their elephants to be saddled, and went on the tyger hunt. Should any difference arise about some historic event, some date, or some matter of fact, the studious member was usually able to decide it, or the son of Anacreon came to his aid, and all was silence to hear an excellent song.

The bachelors generally formed themselves into messes at the different

ions, where they dined when uninvited. Some of the families kept the most hospitable houses, where they were not only happy to see their acquaintances every evening, but gave frequent dinner parties. Among these the most distinguished were, the Clive, Clarke, Aufrere, Fitzgerald, and Watson families. Nor will any *detenu* remember but with pleasure the many agreeable *sotées* they passed at Lady Cadogan's.

FRENCH SOCIETY.

THERE were few families among the French able or willing to shew any civilities to the English. They, however, met a polite reception at the houses of M. de Chardon, M. de Larminat, and M. Godart, who invited them to several balls and assemblies. And the few who were acquainted with the Comtesse

d'Astier, and Madame de la Roche, regretted that the revolution had deprived them of the means of doing the honors of their country, which they would have done with so much elegance. But the family to whose hospitality and friendship the English were most indebted was that of the Chevalier de la Lance, though he had merely preserved the wrecks of his fortune. During the revolution he had emigrated to Germany, where he had married a Silesian lady, equally distinguished for her birth and accomplishments. Their hotel was a resource to the principal English, who were happy at finding in this amiable couple all the engaging qualities of the French, together with the social virtues of the Germans.

CLUBS.

CAFE CARON CLUB.

THERE were several clubs at Verdun formed by the English. That which met at Caron's coffee-house was originally created at Fontainebleau, and was the best provided with books, maps, gazettes, pamphlets, &c. It consisted of one hundred and twenty members, and was the most in the style of a club in England; the others resembled the *Resources* on the continent. Though some of the young dashers were members, yet the serious whist-players, the quidnuncs, and the steadier people of a certain age, gave the tone. This club was the most difficult to enter; a vacancy was filled up immediately; and the price, on account of the number of its members, was only half that of the other clubs; it was but six livres a

month, whereas the others cost twelve. It is highly honorable to this society that they never paid any base attentions to General Wirion, nor was their meeting-room ever profaned by his presence.

When a number of *detenus* were in September, 1805, sent to Valenciennes, the vacancies were filled up by prisoners of war, and this club continued nearly on the same footing, till the 6th of February, 1807, when the general ordered it to be dissolved.

A free-born Englishman might ask what authorised the general to meddle in the private amusements of the prisoners. Such an interference would have offended the *detenus* themselves in the beginning ; but by this time their spirit was sufficiently broken to submit to any thing. One of the members, being accused of usury, and other disgraceful practices, it was proposed to erase his name from the list ; but for fear that the affair should be misrepresented, one

of the directors informed the general of their intention ; the general answered, that if four members would state their motives, and signify their desire that the person in question should quit the society, he would force him to do so. When the president returned with the four signatures, Wirion recommended to him, in order to avoid any noise, to dissolve the club, and afterward to re-elect all the members, except the obnoxious person. This took place, the club was dissolved, all the books and other property of the club were sold by auction, and his name was omitted on the new list of members.

The ex-member was burning for vengeance on the society ; he satisfied it in the following manner. Some French printer, being no admirer of the Corsican, had contrived, when re-printing a French dictionary, to give an explanation of the word *Spoliateur*, which may

be translated thus: "Despoiler, one who despoils and lays waste to every thing, a Buonaparte."

The police at Paris having discovered this insertion, had prohibited the edition, but it circulated in the provinces. The club had bought it for their library, and though it had been in common use for two years, no one had noticed the word *Spoliateur*, or conceived that the work contained any thing treasonable. The excluded member alone knew the mystery, and that it was a prohibited book. When the auction took place, he bought it; carried it to the general, and denounced the club as a treasonable society. The general pretended to believe him, and sent two gendarmes to go and dissolve the club; nay, as an opportunity of shewing his loyalty, and ingratiating himself with the new government, was not to be lost, he had the effrontery to accuse the president, Lieu-

tenant Barker, of the royal navy, with having had the sheet printed for the use of the club, and in his feigned zeal he would have sent him to Bitsche, had not some other English, who possessed the same edition, upon examining their dictionaries, found in them the same treasonable explanation of the word *Spo-hiateur*. Lieutenant Barker was set as liberty, but the informer was gratified in his vengeance against the club.

Though Lieutenant Barker being a true prisoner of war, and not a *detenu*, is not strictly a subject for this work, yet I cannot refrain from mentioning the following circumstances, which every lover of his country will peruse with equal pleasure. Lieutenant Barker being confined by a severe illness to his apartment, the windows of which looked upon the river, saw a little child fall into the water. Notwithstanding his ill state of health, he dofft his coat, ran

down stairs, sprang into the stream, swam after the infant, and saved its life. The whole town and neighbourhood, both French and English, had not ceased to talk of this gallant achievement, when, some months afterwards, he saw a gendarme fall into the Meuse, and stifling the antipathy which every free-born Briton must feel at the idea of one of these base minions of oppression, he only saw the fellow-creature in danger; he sprang in after him, and saved him also. The noise that this second feat occasioned was excessive. The lodge of freemasons invited Mr. Barker to a fraternal banquet, at which their orator thanked him in the name of humanity: the prefect of the department, who usually resides at Bar, when he came to Verdun paid him a visit of ceremony, to offer him his services if he could be of any use to him; and the papers, not only of the neighboring departments,

but of the capital, did him justice in the highest panegyrics. Yet Lieutenant Barker was, during three years, unable to procure his exchange; and last year, when the death of his father required his presence in England, he was refused the permission of returning home for three months on his parole.

It is with infinite regret that we add to the above, that this gallant officer has, according to the latest accounts from Verdun, fallen in a duel since the beginning of 1810.

CLUB AT CREANGE'S.

THE second club was held at the house of a Jew named Creange, afterwards at an Englishman's named Taylor. It consisted of about forty members; chiefly of the most noisy dashing young fellows in the place. At one

time a first-rate cook from Paris. Dinners in the beginning at four, afterwards at six livres a head, besides wine. Some of the members gave the general a dinner, at eighteen livres a head ; at the same time that the French government allowed the *detenus* only three sous a day. The highest play was at this club, but the society was but short-lived. One of the directors having received permission to quit Verdun, it was found that the establishment had been conducted in so extravagant a style, and the accounts kept so irregularly, that the other directors were obliged to supply the deficiency, and the club broke up.

CLUB IN THE BISHOP'S PALACE.

This society consisted of about fifty

members, mostly of family men, who had their wives and daughters; and of those bachelors who were fond of women's company. A ball, or card assembly alternately every Monday night; hours as late as in London; frequent dinners on Christmas-day, King's birth-day, &c. Mr. Concannon was the life and soul of this society; and by his good-humor and pleasantness kept the members together during his stay at Verdun. Since the detention of the English, he had composed some songs and prologues, alluding to their situation; and his manner of reciting them added to their poetic merit.

Mr. Concannon was the great promoter of the Verdun theatricals; and before the young actors appeared on the stage, they made their first attempts at spouting in this society. A pic nic supper was given on the 17th of September, 1804. Every member brought

a dish, and was obliged to sing a song or speak a speech, or to keep the door or snuff the candles. In short, every one was to play his part, according to his abilities; and no drones were admitted into the hive. While Garrick played Hamlet, another performer crowed like a cock.

The following prologue and epilogue written for a play then in contemplation, were spoken upon this occasion. They may not be unacceptable to the reader, as they contain many allusions to the way of living at Verdun.

PROLOGUE

*To a Farce acted at Fontainbleau, for the
Benefit of the distressed English there.*

Written by Mr. CONCANNON.

Captives, no matter why, no matter how,
A laugh is better than discussion now,

Whatever name *they* give, or we dispute,
Upon *that* subject let us *here* be mute.

“ Be mute ! I beg your pardon, Sir, not I,
What do you think they take me for a spy ? ”
“ Easy,” says Pat, “ with all your Scotch palaver,
Didn’t they take me up just come to Havre ?
And pretty spies we were, I wish you’d seen us,
With dev’l a single scrap of French between us.”
“ I hates the French,” says Lutestring, “ and
their arts,

There’s nothing like my shop in foreign parts.
Give me Hyde Park on Sundays, there’s a show,
Little my partner thinks of Fontainebleau.
He, happy man, amidst invasion’s fears
Commands, no doubt, the Cheapside volunteers.”
“ Avast,” says Jack, “ what whining all together,
You landsmen always look to have fine weather.
What if so be as how abroad we roam,
Mayhap there’s spunk enough still left at home.
And as to all their talk ’bout *batto plaw*,
Damm’t, I believe ’tis nothing else but jaw.”

Like honest Jack, your smiles we court, not
tears;

Who in this circle for his country fears ?
Still shall the British flag triumphant fly,
It’s heroes conquer, or with glory die.
Our humble task, if you but grant the power,
Is but to sooth the poor man’s cheerless hour.

No cold subscription; bounty we disclaim,
 Nay, even charity's respected name.
 It is the duty which we owe each other,
 For every British captive is our brother.
 Laugh *at* or *with* us then, it still is meet,
 That while we laugh, our fellow captives eat.

The following Lines were added at Verdun.

This *was* our Prologue, and in happier time
 The author gave, 'twas all he could, his rhyme,
 The captive was consoled, the evening pass'd,
 But none foresaw how long the farce might last.
 Chang'd is the scene, and chang'd too are the faces;
 There 'twas the forest walk, and *here* the races.
 There 'twas mild converse over frugal fare,
 Here my friend asks me "do you back the
 mare?"

Let's see the nags, a gallop before dinner,
 Damme—I'll bet you tea I name the winner.
 Thus the gay hours in livelier tints display
 The varied beauties of a Verdun day.
 At nine the cheerful summons of appel,
 At noon a saunter in the Rue Mazel,
 Industrious street! which every fancy catches,
 Where some sit making news, and others matches.

Where ladies walk, not to meet beaux—but shop-
ping,
And envious dealers try to rival Choppin.
But through this dissipation's glare appear
Some good old English virtues cherished here.
All to distress the willing succour lend,
The tar in Gower and Brenton finds a friend.
If Gorden preaches, charity revives,
And for the social virtues come to Clive's.

EPILOGUE,

Written by the Chevalier LAWRENCE.

Where is Sir James? *—Is no one here, whose
trade is
To say soft things, and compliment the ladies?
Well then, who'll rise, and volunteer a speech?
Will Harry try the true sublime to reach.
He says his muse of fire is out of breath,
And his poor Pegasus just work'd to death.
A lame excuse—well, I'll serve up some fiction,
Dissolve the house, and give my benediction.

* Sir James de Bathe had just received his permission to return home.

What need of fiction? simple truth will do,
 Friends, countrymen I see—and lovers too.
 In vain I speak—that lady cannot hear,
 Her neighbor pokes his whisker in her ear.
 Sorted and pack't, as if for Noah's ark,
 Each beau might find his beauty in the dark.
 In other places I'd enough to say,
 I'd seize the current folly of the day,
 Here reigns no vice, no scandal, and no lies,
 For scandal we've no tongues, no ears, no eyes,
 Our women are all *sage*, our men all wise.
 And t'other day, 'tis true upon my life,
 I met a husband walking with his wife.
 "With his own wife?" exclaims a wag below,
 "'Twas ten to one a wife from Fontainbleau."

" *Fi donc*, I say, uncourtly unbeliever,
 Why should we travel, but for *savoir vivre*?
 To all backbiters we should give no quarter,
 I love them as the devil loves holy water.
 Against such vermin I could preach all day;
 But here a sermon would but spoil the play,
 And gaiety's the order of the night,
 And he who laughs is always in the right.

Whate'er may happen, then, make no grimaces.
 And, though I hate to praise you to your faces,
 The French behold you now with admiration,
 And cry, "Is this the humdrum jog trot nation?"

The emigrés have much improv'd John Bull,
 The animal, we find, is not so dull.
 If in the morning he be somewhat gruff,
 He's after dinner amiable enough;
 We'll teach him dancing, he shall teach us drink-
 ing,

And we've the same antipathy to thinking,
 And should his soul e'er leave him in the lurch,
 And take its flight where no gendarme can search,
 Over his bones no wicked wit will say,
Cy git Jean Bull, Anglois, et Ecuyer,
Qui se pendit, pour se desennuyer.

Lest it should be doubted on their return to England, whether the members of this club had kept good company upon the continent, be it known, that the club had more than once the honor of entertaining General Wirion and his lady. It is true, that whenever the society was threatened with this visitation, several of the members re-

mained away ; but these seceders were not of the chosen few, who were permitted to lodge in the country, or were indulged in a morning nap, and had they been wanting in any circumstance of their duty, they would have been sent without mercy to Bitsche. It is a useful talent to be able to light a candle to the devil.

R**S CLUB.

THE fourth club was nearly on the same plan with the last. It also had its balls and card parties. It was established in the laudable intention of supporting a family of distinction in distress, and ceased, when in September, 1805, this family was sent off in the barbarous manner that will be hereafter related to Valenciennes. It characterises the humanity of General Wi-

tion, that when he harrassed so many bachelors by marching them thither, he spared all the married people, except this family with five young children, who deserved more pity than all the rest; who, notwithstanding their rank in life, he having been an Officer in the Horse-Guards, and she a Baronet's daughter, had been long supported by the charity of their country people. Every one but General Wirion would have made an exception in their favor; he fixes upon them as proper objects of his cruelty.

UPPER CLUB.

THIS club receives its denomination from being situated in the Upper Town, and was established in 1805, by Mr. Stephen Wilson and Mr. Hurry, at a

very large hotel. The apartments would have been thought handsome even in Saint James's street. A numerous and well-selected library had been hired from a *ci devant* Abbé for the use of the society, which consisted of about one hundred members, both *detenus* and prisoners of war. One could call for tea, punch, negus, &c. and the surplus of the receipt was destined for the support of the family of a worthy merchant, who was in great distress from his detention. He had apartments assigned him, and was comptroller of the expences.

It must be scarcely credible to those civilized nations, who have studied the laws of war, that the English prisoners were obliged to contribute to the support of the French poor. How the French journals would declaim against the British government, were the prisoners at Porchester or Norman Cross

charged for the poor rates of those places: yet a formal order from General Wirion came to each of the clubs, that they each must pay thirty livres or twenty-five shillings a month to the poor of Verdun. This sum not being collected by the parish officers, but by the gendarmes sent by the general, the benefit that accrued to the poor was probably not very great.

Be it not attributed to any unnecessary love of expence in the English, that so many clubs have been formed at different periods. It was a great comfort to be able to meet, in a convenient room, one's friends and acquaintance, and a society, which being chosen by ballot, a spy or informer could not easily enter, and where there were all the gazettes and pamphlets of the day, a good library, and for those who understood not French, a number of English books. And several individuals who

were not overburdened with cash, belonged to some club from motives of economy. They spent their mornings, noons, and nights by the side of a rousing fire, by which means they saved the expence of fuel at home, and when disposed for bed, they lighted a serap of candle, retired to their lodgings, and in ten minutes were between their sheets. Happy would it have been for many of our countrymen, had they never quitted the sober amusements of the club-room, for the most tempting delusions of the gaming table.

GAMING TABLE.

Soon after our arrival at Verdun, hazard having been introduced at the Caron club, the general sent a gendarme to suppress it: and in order that no games of hazard might be played, two

gendarmes were quartered on each club at twelve livres, or ten shillings each a day. Had this imposition been continued, it would not only have run away with the revenues of the club, but what conviviality, what confidence, what freedom of speech could subsist in the presence of a Bow-street officer? Many members withdrew their names, and others would have followed their example; but at length, upon the director's promising that no games of hazard should be played, the gendarmes were taken off.

Upon this occasion, the friends and relatives of our young English are ready to express their gratitude toward General Wirion, who thus laudably exerted himself to preserve the morality of the youths committed to his charge. He acted nobly. It does honor both to himself and the grand nation that employed him. This circumstance ought to be

recorded, to be handed down to posterity. The worthy commander was determined that the thoughtless young men should contract no new vices while under his authority; that they afterward should bless him for his paternal care, whenever they reflected that an enemy of their country had expressed that solicitude for them, which they could only expect from a parent or guardian. Let us send our children with confidence to that country, where no less attention is paid to the preservation of their morals, than to the polish of their manners. "My son," cries the father, "till your dying day you should bless General Wirion."

Such would have been the language of the English whenever the day of their liberation shall come, could they have imputed to such pure motives the general's prohibition of all games of hazard at the English clubs. But far

from it. The general was resolved that the English should only lose their money at a bank, in the winnings of which he had a share.

A set of black-legs, soon after our arrival at Verdun, had come down from Paris, and kept a bank of *Rouge and Noir*; sometimes in a room at the play-house, at others, in a large saloon at one of the coffee-houses. The bank was open from one at noon till five, and recommenced at eight in the evening, and continued all night. The sums of money lost by the English were considerable. Many lost a thousand pounds, others more; and though some individuals at first might have won, they continued to play till they had lost all their winnings. Not only men of fortune, but lieutenants of the navy, midshipmen, and masters of merchant vessels, could not resist the temptation. Persons who before had never touched a card in

their lives, and who, had they not been detained in France, probably never would, were, from want of occupation, from mere *ennui*, induced to risk half-a-crown, till the passion grew upon them, and then to regain their losings, plunged deeper and deeper into difficulties.— Every night some drunken man came reeling in from the dinner table, particularly as a number of prostitutes acted as decoy ducks, and were in league with the bankers. It is impossible to guess at the profits of the bank; but this honorable association of sharpers could afford to pay ten louis a month for the saloon at Thierry's coffee-house, an immense sum in a country town.

What encreases the infamy of the French government in exposing their prisoners to this temptation, over the door the following inscription in French was written in large letters :

THIS BANK

IS KEPT FOR

THE ENGLISH:

THE FRENCH ARE FORBIDDEN TO PLAY AT IT.

Thus the French were not permitted to ruin themselves, while every encouragement was offered to the English to do so, though they at the same time were forbidden to play at their clubs, or at their own houses; for then the general would not have had any profit in their losings.

An Englishman, having once ventured to play at his own lodging, was obliged, in order to escape being sent to Bitsche, to send the general the box-money; or, as every one understands not the technical terms of gambling, every player who threw the dice three times, put aside for the general half-a-guinea.

It was not surprising that General

Wirion should protect the bank, as the bankers were obliged to pay him five louis d'or a day, or above eighteen hundred pounds sterling a year, for his permitting them to establish it at the depôt. At one time the chief banker, wishing to make a better bargain with him for this licence, the general cut him short, " Sir, you will either pay the sum agreed upon, or I will shut up my sheep in their fold every evening at nine o'clock (*Je renfermerai mes brebis à neuf heures.*)

Thus in all probability had Wirion not been tempted by the plunder of a gaming-table, the English traveller, without any regard to his amusement or comfort, would have been shut up every night at nine o'clock at Verdun, as he had been at Fontainbleau, and the gendarmes would have patrolled the streets to extort half-a-crown from any straggler who might have stole out after that hour.

When the masters of merchant vessels, on account of some of their rank having made their escape, were confined within the citadel, the keepers of the Roulette, which is a kind of E. O. table, remonstrated with the general, that if they were not released, the bankers could not afford to pay him the stipulated sum.

The above-mentioned decoy ducks received from this worthy corporation a sum to induce them to frequent the saloon. A girl from Nanci received eighteen livres a night. An old actress, being much inferior in charms, and only calculated to seduce a drunken man; thought herself well paid with six livres, and so on with the rest, according to their respective merits or demerits.

In 1806, the edict to prohibit games of hazard through the French empire being renewed, the gaming table, which

for some time past had been held at the private house of one of the most notorious villains in the said empire, named Balbi, was shut up, to the great mortification of his confederate, General Wiriion. In this house scenes took place which would call for the pencil of a Hogarth. Here the unwary spendthrifts found an elegant supper, heating wines, abandoned women ; in short, every thing to stimulate them to lose their money with the most glorious *nonchalance*.— And this Balbi being a money lender as well as gambler, he was preying upon the vitals of all who came within the vortex of his society. This gaming table was shut on the 2d of July, 1806 ; nevertheless, it was opened again in the last week of October, and continued so till the spring following, when Balbi, having won the money of all those who frequented his house, and acquired the most usurious claims on many of them,

found it no more worth his while to keep a bank ; and so he sent away his aiders and abettors of both sexes ; though he himself, for some time afterward, continued to visit the town, in order to exact the contributions of his debtors.

VERDUN RACES.

NOT only a hare hunt, and consequently a tally ho club, but racing also was among the English amusements. A plain, about three miles distant from the town, was at a great expence arranged for the course. A jockey club was formed. Every midshipman was becoming a horseman, every sailor a groom, and every one prided himself on his knowledge in horse flesh. The course offered a very lively scene ; a number of coaches and four, curricles, gigs, &c.

Each cyprian volunteer from Paris had an opportunity of shewing the elegance of her toilette, and the expence of her wardrobe. While honest John Bull was jogging on with Mrs. Bull in his chaise and one, some Phryne from the palais royal rolled along in her chaise and four, or darted by in the curricule of her *bon ami*. Every equipage was a larder, and the beaux passed from one to the other ; now accepting the leg of a fowl from Mrs. A. or Mrs. B, now partaking of a Strasburg pye with Madame l'Ambassadrice, or Madame la Princesse.

It was sufficient to turn the heads of half the burgher's daughters of Verdun, while they were trudging on foot to the race course, to be passed and covered with dust by some frail sister, who probably some weeks before had trod in the same, or in a still lower path of life than herself ; but who now, in a veil of

Brussels lace, glided by her as in a triumphal car.

There were bills of the races regularly printed and distributed upon the course, as at Newmarket or at Ascot.

The Jockey Club subscribed eighty Louis d'or for a gold cup to be run for at Verdun, but the English were cheated in this, as well as in most other purchases in France. They had bespoke it of one of the first goldsmiths at Paris : when it arrived it weighed but forty Louis. Had they desired a proper inscription for it, Cowper would have supplied them with one.

“ Be grooms, and win the plate,
Where once your nobler fathers won a crown.”

The English were not even permitted to amuse themselves in this way without contributing to the grand nation. If the policy of state required that their bodies should be detained as hostages,

there could be no reason for taxing their amusements ; yet, under the pretext of keeping the peace, lest the concourse of people should create a disturbance, they were obliged to pay eight Louis each race day to the gendarmes for their attendance, which was, in fact, so much money paid to the general.

What must we think of the state of a government, where no meeting could take place in a country village without the danger of a tumult. Suppose the players of a cricket-match were obliged to pay to the constables a sum, perhaps equal to that for which they played: if this measure were necessary, how unstable must such a government be ; but if unnecessary, what a scandalous imposition ! And often the sum paid to General Wirion was equal to the prize gained by the running horse. The first summer he was content to receive about eight guineas a time ; but in the sum-

mer, 1805, when he saw the English submit with so much patience to every imposition, he insisted upon having fifty Louis every race day.

Nothing could be more curious than the different pourparleys that took place between him, his aid-de-camp, and some of the members of the Jockey Club. The conduct of the French Directory to the American envoys in 1798 may be remembered. A douceur of some thousand louis was modestly requested of their transatlantic excellencies. General Wirion seems to have profited by this example. When the day for the races was fixed and sums of money to the amount of some thousands staked on the different horses, he would unexpectedly give out an order forbidding that any race should take place. The Jockey Club would assemble and depute one or two of their members to endeavor to prevail upon

him. The gendarmes answer that his excellency is indisposed or engaged: sometimes the general returns the most insolent answer.

On the 13th of June, 1806, Mr. Green, the clerk of the course, having inadvertently published the race-bill before the bargain with the general had been struck, was confined to the citadel. Mr. Hearne, coming to intercede in his favor, the general would not admit him, but affecting the language of sovereignty, sent him word by a gendarme.—*Point d'audience, point de réponse.*"

A second deliberation takes place, and a new deputation is dispatched to the aid-de-camp. They are received by him; he shrugs up his shoulders, hems and hahs, laments that the general's health is so bad, that his humor is quite altered; he would be afraid to ruffle it were he to intercede for them,

&c. &c. At length by degrees, after having felt each other's pulse, they venture to speak more plainly; and they agree to give fifty louis for the permission. The folding doors now fly open, the general receives them graciously, makes an excuse of ill health for not admitting them before; and while he is conversing with one of the deputies, the other, having previously put fifty guineas in a glove, contrives to drop it into the general's hat, which is placed to receive it. Now all difficulties have ceased. His excellency wishes them much sport, and dismisses them.

Will any one be surprised at a future period to see our most skilful diplomati-
cians issue from the Verdun school, where they will have learnt all the routine of such delicate negociations.

But not content with these extortions, General Wirion was desirous of shar-

ing in the betts, when the odds were decidedly in the favor of any horse. At one time the Verdun races engrossed the talk of all France, and black-legs resorted to them from all parts. A race had been fixed for a thousand louis. A *detenu* had, at a great expence, procured a horse which had challenged any racer in France. Wirion, imagining here that he ran no risk, sent word to him that he would take a two hundred louis share in the bet. The English were reduced to such a state of subjection, that the general's wish was equal to a command. The Englishman could not refuse, though it was so much money out of his pocket, as his horse was considered sure of winning; but had the horse by any accident lost, he probably would have been obliged to make good the whole sum. The general's money would not have been forthcoming. It was thus that the ass

in the fable had the honor of hunting with the lion, and the troops of the Duke of Wirtemberg are permitted to contribute to the aggrandisement of the Corsican dynasty.

As some of the *detenus* were versed in all the arts and practices of the horse-dealers and jockies of Newmarket, it was feared that some of the adverse party might bribe the groom to play some trick to the horse. The general being now a party concerned, gave a private permission to Mr. Dendy, who was considered a judge in horse flesh, to sleep in the village where the horse was kept, in order to watch the groom. Had Mr. Dendy had a sick wife, or had his own health required country air, he probably would have been refused this indulgence.

The Tally-ho or hunting club was short-lived, but the races took place the three first summers of our stay at

Verdun ; but in 1807, the most considerable *detenus* having left the place, the others were either tired of them, or their finances were too low to continue them ; and be it known to the honor of the depôt, that a rage for cock-fighting and duck-hunting lasted but a few weeks, though patronized by some of the worthy members of the jockey club, who must have regretted, that a bull-bait was wanting to set our national character in an amiable light.

GALLANTRY.

From the running horses the transition is easy to the sporting ladies. There were a number of women, kept in a handsome, sometimes in a most expensive style, by our countrymen of fortune, who lived with them as the

French say *maritalement*, like man and wife. The wardrobe of some of these beauties would have stored a milliner's shop. They regularly consulted the journals of fashion for every change in their costume. At the play-house their Indian shawls, and their veils of Brussels lace, were negligently hung over the boxes, to the great envy and mortification of the citizen's wives and daughters; and even our English ladies were eclipsed by them in the elegance and expence of their toilette. Travelling rubs away all vulgar prejudices. Two-thirds of the boxes were let to the wives of Fontainbleau, as they were called; the English ladies occupied the other boxes, and every gentleman used to pass from the one to the other, and pay his compliment indifferently to each; or placed between a *dame comme il faut*, and a *dame comme il en faut*, now turn his head

and talk to the one, now to the other. Our countrywomen were at first scandalized at this. *Mais enfin que voulez vous ?* The popularity of these Aspasia's often exceeded their own. Even men in graver years made no scruple to appear in public with their own, or with a friend's *bonne amie*. Such was the gallantry of the *beau monde* ; but the number of these *elegantes* was naturally exceeded by that of the cyprian volunteers, who moved in a lower sphere. Few of these were remarkable for their charms, and still fewer for their accomplishments. No nymph of the *palais royal*, who could earn a crown a day at Paris, would quit the amusements of the capital to bury herself in a country town, though she was sure of a golden shower. Those who arrived from Metz and Nanci, must at Paris have followed their profession by lamp-light, and even these have made a merit

of their patience, in consenting to live in so dull a town as Verdun. The lieutenants of ships of war, and masters of merchant vessels, were their best customers.

The kept women lived in so elegant a style, that the citizens wives and daughters thought it hard that these strangers should intrude upon what they considered their rights. Many a mother came and offered the virtue of her daughter for a stipulated price, and raised or lowered her demands according to the impatience or indifference of the *amateur*; and as the greatest connoisseurs can be deceived in this commerce, the same article was frequently sold to different purchasers. The young midshipmen, who in former wars were exchanged as soon as taken, were now, on account of the arrestation of the *detenus*, without any hope or prospect of a release. They

who in England would have been at school, or under the eye of a parent, were here left to their own discretion. Captain Brenton indeed exerted himself very meritoriously for their advantage, and encouraged them not to abuse their leisure, but to profit from their stay in France, by learning the French language; but his counsels and exhortations could not deter them from idleness and vice, or counterbalance the examples of those men of rank and fashion who took the lead at Verdun; and whom the French government were systematically endeavouring to corrupt. Cowper in his *Tyrocinium*, describes the irregularities of a boy at a public school in England, who, according to his description, seems *deeper in none than in his surgeon's books*; how would the bard have expressed his indignation, had he been detained at Verdun. A girl scarcely fifteen years old her-

self, meeting two midshipmen of her acquaintance in the street, was heard to cry out to them, "*allons, mes amis, faisons de polisoneries ensemble.*" (Come, my lads, let us play some dirty tricks together.)

M. de Kotzebue, in the account of his last tour through France, having described the state of morality at Paris, his translator, when it appeared in French, vented his indignation in the following rhapsody which he inserted as a note :

" What abominable calumny ! What
 " places then could this man have vi-
 " sited during his stay at Paris, to have
 " collected there *les ordures dont il a*
 " *sali sa memoire.* Without doubt
 " he collected them in the vilest stews
 " at the palais royal.

" Could we suppose, that strangers
 " would vouchsafe to rely on the ob-
 " servations and opinions of a being so

“ devoid of all morality ; what an idea
“ would this chapter give to those, who
“ neither know Paris nor France, of
“ our manners, and of the virtue of
“ our wives and daughters ! Ungrate-
“ ful and corrupted man ! This then is
“ the recompense of the hospitality.
“ which we have exercised towards
“ you ! of the gracious condescension
“ which our first magistrates showed
“ you. Thus in the very moment
“ when some virtuous wife was doing
“ in the most graceful manner the ho-
“ nors of her house to you, when her
“ young daughter with a modest sim-
“ plicity was advancing towards you,
“ and with an air of timidity, with
“ downcast eyes, with candor on her
“ lips, and a blush on her forehead,
“ was offering to you a seat, was pre-
“ senting you with some fruit or flower,
“ or was making you a compliment as
“ pure and as natural as her soul, you

“ were meditating the dishonor of both
“ mother and daughter, and were al-
“ ready composing in your thought the
“ infamous chapter, which was to paint
“ them to all Europe as the vilest pros-
“ titutes.

“ Tell me then, in what house, in
“ what society--were it of the poorest
“ journeymen, you have collected the
“ observations, which you have trans-
“ mitted with such complaisance to
“ your countrymen, and to Germany in
“ general ?

“ Answer me, you, who as an au-
“ thor affect morality, what would
“ you think of a stranger, who after
“ having been received by you as a
“ brother, after having been admitted
“ as an inmate, and loaded with acts
“ of kindness by you, should after-
“ wards in the most dastardly manner
“ betray the usages of society, the laws
“ of hospitality, and the rights of na-

“ tions, by distilling all the venom of
 “ his gall against your wife, your chil-
 “ dren, your female friends and your
 “ kinswomen; in short, against the
 “ whole sex, whose weakness is so
 “ amiable? Would not you denounce
 “ him to the public opinion, as a dan-
 “ gerous writer, as an unblushing li-
 “ bellist, in league with the enemies
 “ of your country, writing under their
 “ dictate, and perhaps paid by them,
 “ to traduce a people whom they can-
 “ not conquer with their arms.”

This fine declamation is *vox et præ-
 terea nihil*; but it is remarkable, that
 this writer, while defending the purity
 of his nation, has used an expression
 which cannot with decency be literally
 translated into any other language; but
 if the morals of the Parisians are free,
 their manners are amiable; and vice
 having lost all its grossness, loses half
 its deformity; whereas the inhabitants

of the provincial towns in France can only vie with those of the capital in the depravity of their morals, though they have no opportunity of learning that fascinating elegance of manners, from which the irregularities of the Parisians derive such eclat. When, according to annual custom, the most virtuous girl in the town was to be crowned with roses, and to receive a marriage portion from the municipality, Monsieur de Pomereuil, the prefect at Tours (1804) selected a young woman whom he himself had got with child, and who, in spite of her promising shape, appeared with admirable effrontery in the cathedral, to receive, amidst the plaudits of all the loungers and *roués* of the place, the crown of virginity from the hands of her paramour; and perhaps it would not have been less difficult to have found among the female poor of Verdun a worthy candidate for the chaplet of roses.

The generality of nymphs who captivated the young Englishmen had neither education nor accomplishments to recommend them. Our youths wallowed in the Circean stall, without aspiring to hear the songs of the syrens. In one house of ill-repute there was but one bed, and the visitor used to sleep between mother and daughter.

While gaming was promoted for the advantage of the general, prostitution was encouraged for the benefit of the police. Every nymph, in the first style, paid a louis d'or a month, those of an inferior order, six livres, or five shillings, to the magistrates of the town. During the summer, 1804, a gentlewoman of *ci-devant* noblesse, having come to Verdun on a visit to some of her family, happened to lodge at one of the first inns. The commissary of police immediately waited upon her, and after many compliments on her charms, and on her

prospects of success in the speculation in which she was about to embark, stated to her, that the ladies of her profession were accustomed to pay a *douceur* to the police, for being allowed to profit by the English being confined in the place; and that a louis d'or a month could not be thought unreasonable for a person of her figure and expectations. At first the lady understood not his meaning; but upon farther explanation, when he found that he had mistaken her, and that she was related to the first families in the place, he left her, covered with confusion, and making a thousand apologies.

The commissary of police yielded in rascality to Wirion alone, and was frequently his colleague. Like Peachem and Lockett, they played into each other's hands. Every woman of pleasure must be authorised by him to exercise her calling within the walls of Verdun;

and being a man of pleasure himself, he used to strut among the frail ones, like a cock in a poultry yard. Every Phryne, upon her arrival, must prostitute herself to him. One of them was appointed to meet him at the public bath: for a second, he fixed upon another rendezvous; and had any of them not kept the appointment, he would have turned her out of the town without mercy.

Whenever he saw a *detenu* attached to any mistress, though she might be leading the most quiet inoffensive life, he would order her to leave the town, and then exact a sum of money from her keeper to permit her to return. At the same time he was regularly feed by one of our young libertines, who prided himself upon being an *aimable roué*, to inform him of the arrival of every new beauty.

Colonel A*** was in the dusk of the

evening of the 19th of May, 1806, walking on the *digue*, or public promenade with his *bonne amie*, when they were insulted by two prostitutes, who abused them in the grossest manner. One of them proceeded farther, and made a dart at his companion, who was of a delicate frame, whereas the two trulls were a pair of strapping Amazons. The colonel having seized her hands, the second, watching the opportunity, began beating his *protegée*. However, unwilling to strike a woman, he was obliged to do so, and to push down the first, in order to rescue his lady from the other.

Having conducted his *bonne amie* home from the field of battle, he wrote an account of the affair to General Wirion, lest it should be misrepresented by others. The general answered, that he had acted perfectly right ; and far from making any observation about striking

a woman, he not only expressed his approbation with the usual politeness of a Frenchman, *Il fallait lui f—un bon coup de pied*; but declared that he would have the two strumpets turned out of the town.

But it happened that one of them was a favorite of the commissary of police; probably by his direction she goes to bed, and a rascally surgeon makes out a long affidavit that she is obliged to keep it on account of the bruises that she has received, though it is beyond all doubt that the colonel had not pushed her with any unnecessary violence. The commissary now takes up the affair, and makes out a most outrageous *proces verbal*, full of the grossest abuse and notorious falsehoods against the colonel. In short, the accusations therein were of such a nature, that those who heard it read, were at the same time struck with astonishment, and

moved with contempt and indignation against the writer. The colonel declared that he would keep this proces verbal ; but the commissary, conscious they could not prove any of the assertions therein, required it back : he was then going to take a copy of it, but what must astonish one in any country where the least shadow of justice exists, he was not allowed to take a copy of an official paper, that so nearly concerned his own honor.

Now, Wirion, finding that some money might be extorted in the business, altered his note. Some months before, an order had been given by the minister of war, that any English prisoner making a tumult should be tried by a military commission of five officers. However ridiculous the idea of construing a scuffle of this kind into a tumult, Wirion informed the colonel that he must deliver him before this court-mar-

tial, if he deferred to compromise the matter with the strumpets, and to pay a fine for breaking the peace. The colonel, confident in the justice of his cause, said that he had too high an opinion of the honor of the French military to fear their sentence, and that he was resolved to stand his trial.

It was far from Wirion's intention to bring him before such a court, which he knew would acquit him. His only purpose was extortion, he therefore, though the colonel demanded an immediate trial, appointed the day at a month's distance; but said, that possibly proper officers could not be impannelled before six weeks or later. In the mean time, the colonel must be guarded at his own house by two gendarmes, whom he must board, lodge, and pay as usual. In a country where there is no *habeas corpus* act, the general might defer the trial as long as he thought proper. To

avoid, therefore, the expence and the *ennui* of this house-arrest, the colonel was obliged to pay twelve livres to the gendarmes for having guarded him one day ; one hundred livres to the prostitute, which she probably divided with the commissary ; and five louis to the poor of a neighbouring village, which was undoubtedly destined for the general's privy purse. But the colonel being desirous of defeating Wirion's avarice, and hearing that the mayor of the village was at that moment at Verdun, sent him the money. This exasperated Wirion so highly, that he declared that if the mayor refused to refund the money into his hands, the colonel should pay it a second time. How these worthy magistrates settled the affair is best known to themselves.

On Sunday, 4th May, 1806, about thirty *detenus* and prisoners of war, gave at a coffee-house, to the females of their

acquaintance, one of those jovial entertainments, which, for want of a politer denomination, may be styled a w—'s hop. There was dancing, singing, a good supper, and punch in plenty. In the midst of this merriment, a *detenu*, high in the general's favor, intruded without being invited. The master of the ceremonies represented to him that it was no public assembly, but a private society, and desired him to retire. Perhaps offended at the little respect paid to his favorite, Wirion had all the thirty arrested the next day, and confined in the citadel, where they must have slept two in a bed, had they chosen to go to bed; and having kept them there twenty-four hours, they were set at liberty, without being admitted into the general's presence, or even being informed why they were arrested. Allowing that such an entertainment did no credit to the subscribers, it was contrary to no

law of war, nor had they been forbidden to form such a one ; and they certainly had less cause to apprehend any censure from a man of Wirion's character, who was willing even to turn pimp when it suited his interest, nor had their more regular countrymen any right to take it amiss, that a number of young men should amuse themselves with a parcel of doxies, when they permitted their own wives and daughters to frequent such a *poissade*, as Madame Wirion, who had formerly kept a brothel in the *Rue Saint Honoré*, at Paris, and who, notwithstanding her elevation, remained equally indecent in her language, coarse in her manners, and abandoned in her morals, with any of the cyprian volunteers who embellished this fête with their presence.

MADAME LA GENERALE WIRION.

I am doubtful whether I should begin a new chapter here, or should consider this as a continuation of the last. Let me have the honor of introducing my readers to Madame la Generale. But perhaps it is presumption in me, who never was presented at the court of the citadel, to act as master of the ceremonies. Madame Wirion was worthy to figure in a novel of Fielding. Perhaps some Yorick among the *détenus* may pourtray her in a sentimental journey; though indeed sentiment is not her foible. She is less squeamish than the abbess in Sterne. She never would have been embarrassed for a word to set her horses into a trot. She would have given them a good kick into the bargain.

If we may consider Madame la Ge-

nerale as an *echantillon* of the ladies of Madame Buonaparte's court, no Chesterfield would in future send his son to Paris to study the graces. I am almost afraid of reporting some of her *bon mots*, lest they should offend any of my readers, but as the intention of this publication is to deter our countrymen, and particularly our countrywomen from visiting France, it is better that they should read them *here* than be obliged to applaud them *there*.

Madame la Generale, notwithstanding the dignity of her station; disdains not the detail of domestic economy. She has the interests of her husband at heart, and is equally ready to support them with word and deed. She used in all probability to make, and wash, and iron his shirt* herself; and now,

* The extraordinary mobility of the French armies is chiefly to be attributed to their being

though she has given over the employment of a sempstress, she still retains the language of a washerwoman. A sempstress having made some shirts for the general, ventured to refuse the sum which Madame Wirion offered her in payment, when her excellency assailed her with a string of epithets, which could only be translated by an inhabitant of St. Giles's, and fairly kicked her out of the room.

Madame la Generale has an aversion to swearing, and taking the Lord's name in vain. At a large English as-

little impeded by baggage. Even the officers seldom carry a second shirt beyond the frontiers of the republic. In foreign countries, whenever they make a halt, every officer is billeted upon one of the principal inhabitants, of whom he requires a clean shirt, and leaves his dirty one in return. By this ingenious practice, Monsieur le Capitaine or M. le Colonel contrive to shift their linnen every day, without any expence or incumbrance.

sembly, which she honored with her company, an Englishman being in liquor, wrapped out a few oaths, which offended her delicate ears. She turned to her husband's aid-de-camp, and whispered to him (if what is heard by *half* a society may be called a whisper) *Les — d'Anglais ne font que jurer* (these English blackguards do nothing but swear.)

Her excellency, though the wife of a military man (if a gendarme can be called one), has an aversion also to bloodshed. An Englishman having received an affront from another, Madame Wirion recommended to him to seek satisfaction in a more agreeable, though perhaps in as equally unchristian manner as a duel. “ *Sa femme n'est pas mal, il faut le cocufier* (he has a pretty wife, you must cuckold him.)

Madame Wirion has a ready wit,

and like other *beaux esprits*, spares neither friend nor foe. An English lady, who had lived in France in its better days, when all its cavaliers were gallant, all its dames *âimable*, was obliged to admit the Citoienne Wirion into her circle, who professed the greatest friendship for her when present, but who never failed to turn her, when absent, into ridicule. This lady, who though in the autumn of her life has the excusable desire of appearing young, having one evening left the room, Madame le Generale burst into a hoarse laugh, and exclaimed "*La pauvre mlady. Elle voudrait etre jeune, mais elle a passé la mer rouge.*"

One day Madame Wirion entertained a company with an anecdote, which perfectly paints her character. Two generals (and in the modern land of liberty more ceremony is made about a general than in other countries about

a prince of the blood) had once unexpectedly called at her house, and invited themselves to dinner. She sent for her cook, who lamented that there was nothing in the larder. It was not market day. What was to be done? She left it to the discretion of the cook. The two grandees must be content with pot-luck; but the lady was grieved at not being able to regale her guests in a becoming manner. She felt embarrassed at this disappointment; but let her tell her own history—“*A quoi bon se facher? je ne suis pas fête moi, je fais venir une bouteille de Champagne, je fais sauter le bouchon. Je l'avale et me voila en état de me moquer de tout le monde.*” (But a fig for all sorrow, I am not such a fool as that comes to. I send for a bottle of champagne. I spring the cork. I swallow it down, and am soon in a trim not to care a curse for the whole world.) Probably her two

guests were as gratified by the lively sallies of her wit, as they could have been by the most sumptuous entertainment.

Mrs. Aufrere (daughter to Count Lockhart, a general in Maria Theresa's service) appeared one evening at a party with a handkerchief twisted round her head like a turban. Madame Wirion invited her to come and take coffee with her the next morning. Mrs. Aufrere made some excuse.—“ Well then, if you breakfast upon tea, I will give you tea.” Mrs. Aufrere made a second excuse. “ Well then,” said Madame Wirion, losing all patience, “ if you like neither coffee nor tea, I will tell you the plain truth. The manner in which your handkerchief is put on pleases me, and I am invited out to dinner to-morrow, so I wish you would come and put on my handkerchief in the same manner.” Most of our fair countrywomen were

by this time so humbled, that they would have complied ; but the Caledonian blood of the Countess of the holy Roman empire boiled at the idea of becoming the tire-woman to the Citoienne Generale. She knew what she owed to the dignity of a gentlewoman, and had the spirit to refuse.

In England, peers of the realm and reverend prelates often present the plate for charitable offerings at the Asylum and other similar institutions ; but the French are gallant even in the presence of their Creator ; and since the revolution the custom has been revived, that some female either of elevated rank or distinguished beauty should present an embroidered bag (one might call it a *ridicule* in the language of the present day) to receive the gifts of the faithful. Formerly some marquise or countess undertook this good work, but now the wife or daughter of some shoemaker or

taylor usually parades in the church in her Sunday clothes; and if she has a pretty face, and a number of lovers, so much the better for the poor. Gallantry in the age of chivalry was the great inducement to valor. In the age of philosophy it has become an inducement to charity, and a whole parish may feast, whenever the vestry can prevail upon a Madame Recamier, or a Madame Tallien, to quit her *boudoir*, and display her theatrical attitudes and Greek costume as *queteuse* in any of the churches at Paris. But to return to Verdun.—The partisans of Buonaparte requested that Madame Wirion would make the gathering at the cathedral, on the day that the *Te Deum* was to be sung for the discovery of George's conspiracy. They conjectured that a number of English would from curiosity be present, and that none would venture to refuse his

mite when Madame Wirion presented the bag; but that some would vie with the others in the largeness of their contribution, in order to pay their court to the general; and that thus a considerable sum being collected on this occasion, the loyalty of the people in office might be cited in the public gazette, and Buonaparte appear the idol of Verdun.

Madame Wirion agreed to officiate as *queteuse*; but chose not to expend any thing in new clothes. One of the *detenus* kept a girl in the most fashionable style, and indulged her in a wardrobe that excited the envy of half the women in the place. Madame la Generale sent her compliments to this girl, and begged her to lend her a cap for the occasion. The girl returned her compliments, that she expected a new bonnet in the newest taste from Paris before the festival; but lest it should not arrive in

time, she would take the liberty of sending her excellency a cap, which she had received a few weeks before. Madame Wirion accepted the cap *pour le pis aller*; but charged her, should the bonnet arrive in time, not to fail to send it. What should we in England think of a general's lady, who would trick herself out in the peacock's feathers of a strumpet, to figure in public at a religious ceremony, on a jubilee in honor of the sovereign?

It was hinted to the English that it would be taken amiss if they omitted to give. Some, who had not overcome their indignation at their detention, remained away when they heard that Madame Wirion was to make the gathering. Others made a point of going to shew their submission to the French government, and their respect to so respectable a personage.

It is usual to give a sou, a piece of

fifteen sous, or at most half-a-crown ; yet one of the *detenus*, though many of his countrymen were starving, though the French government only allowed the English three sous a day, and though his own creditors were entreating him in vain to pay his just debts, flung with the most fashionable *nonchalance* a double louis (two guineas) into Madame Wirion's bag.

Every lady is induced, not so much from charity as from vanity, to collect in the churches. Every one values herself upon having collected more than her rivals or friends. The offering of all the rakes and *elegans* is a kind of homage to her beauty, to her charms ; it is a mark of her consideration in the fashionable world. But Madame Wirion, not content with the sum that she had collected at the cathedral, laid under contribution even those who staid at home. She sent her bag about to the houses of

the English ladies, with a note, that she knew how happy they would be to contribute to a good work. A request from the general's wife was to persons in their situation equal to a command. Their lords and masters had complied with so much patience to every imposition. Besides, our fair countrywomen were already marked out on the list of the *notables* of the town, whom her excellency intended to honor with an invitation to a ball. Such condescension on her side merited every submission on theirs.

The cards of invitation are sent, a dinner and ball! Figure to yourselves the preparations. The milliners' and haberdashers' shops are crowded. All the *couturieres* are in activity. *Tout le monde doit etre en grand costume.* The gentlemen put buckles into their shoes. All the opera hats are taken out of the trunks. It is a *fête de cour*.

All the carriages are in motion. Five o'clock dinner on the table. The dinner is really good. Probably it costs not the general half-a-crown a head. An Englishman would give three times as much for so splendid a banquet. It is the interest of the traitors to conciliate the good graces of the general. After dinner the bottle circulates.

The fiddle strikes up, the ball begins, and who are the belles? All the wives and daughters of the shopkeepers. None of the antient *noblesse* will visit Madame Wirion. The Honorable Mrs. A——, and Lady B——, and Mrs. C——, are seen figuring away with Madame *l'Apothecaire*, Madame la *Marchande de drap*, &c. It is one of the advantages of travelling to frequent good company.

Madame la generale preferred cards to dancing. An Englishman, who

scarcely knew the first elements of the game, had the honor of playing boul-lotte with her till eight o'clock in the morning. He had not spared the bottle, he lost fifteen louis, which paid the expences of the fête.

Such was the fête that made an epoche at Verdun. One or two *detenus* who had too much dignity of character to visit the general sent excuses. Others had declared their intention of doing the same; but when the invitations arrived, they had not the resolution to refuse. They were afraid of being sent to Bitsche.

The *detenus* not only defrayed the expence of Madame Wirion's fêtes, but of her toilette too. One day, Mr. Garland entered a linen-draper's shop, while she was bargaining for a gown. "Come," said she to him, "will you toss up with me which of us shall pay for the gown, which I came here to pur-

chase." Mr. Garland laughed, and took it for a joke. She tossed up, and guessed right; she chose the most expensive robe, and to his astonishment left him to pay for it.

Many French, even those who have made their fortunes by the revolution, and who have risen from the dregs of the people, have the inconceivable vanity of talking of their emigration, though they perhaps never quitted the soil of the indivisible republic. It is even an honor to be related to an *émigré*. Madame Wirion used to present in all societies a person whom she called *mon cousin l'émigré*; and the English to pay court to her, received him with every possible attention, and conceiving that he had been an officer, listened while he talked of the campaigns of the army of Condé. At length, a French gentleman, happening to pass through Verdun, was walking on the promenade,

when he met a man, accompanied by a woman, whom from her air and behavior he took for a *fille de joie*. The man stopped short, and saluted him in the most respectful manner. As they passed him a second time the gentleman called him aside, "Your features," said he, "are familiar to me, but I cannot recollect your name."—"What," answered the other, "your honor has forgot Aubry, I was first a private in the regiment of *Neustrie*, and afterward a corporal in your honor's company in the army of *Condé*." "My lad, you seem to have a tight wench with you."—"What, your honor knows her not? Every body knows her—*C'est ma cousine, la Wirion*."

A person in conversation having hinted to Madame Wirion, that her husband must have made a rapid fortune at Verdun, "*Ma foi*," answered she, "*croyez vous que le general est venu ici pour se*

grater les—.” Think you that the gene- came here to scratch himself.

It being one day mentioned in a so- ciety that it was imagined that Buona- parte intended to confer titles of noblesse upon his generals, “ I suppose,” said a lady to Madame Wirion, “ we shall soon see you a countess.” “ In that case,” answered she, “ they must mark it upon my shoulders, for no person would take me for one.” We must do Madame Wirion the justice to allow, that she could not have formed a more proper opinion of herself; for madame la generale, though formerly a member of the cyprian corps, has none of that amiability of manners which sometimes qualifies one of the sisterhood to appear with advantage in a drawing-room. She was never educated in the school of As- pasia. She was a mere Dolly Tearsheet, the coarseness of whose manners was so proverbial, that she was known by the

name of the *Buccaneer* (probably *Flustiere* in French, for the Parisian who mentioned this circumstance at Verdun related it in English without giving her *nom de guerre*, or nickname in French.) He said, that he had frequently made one of a jovial party to pass an evening at her *institut* in the *Rue St. Honoré*, and that if the number of the visitors exceeded that of her *protegeés*, Madame Wirion used to send to the neighbouring bagnios for fresh recruits.

GENERAL WIRION.

THE light in which the French consider their generals at present, appears in a translation of the fourteenth satire of Juvenal. A father is represented exhorting his son to make a fortune by hook or by crook.

Lueri bonus est odor ex re qua libet, &c.

La fortune, jeune homme, et rien que la fortune !
Suis-la dans les bureaux, sur mer, à la tribune.
Ou courant à ton but ; par un chemin plus bref,
Vas, deviens général, et sois fripon en chef.

FERLUS*.

Revue. Phil. Litter. et pol. 9, Fev. 1805.

“ Make your fortune, my son ; think of nothing else ; follow it up in the public offices, on the high seas, or in the courts of law ; or arriving at the bourn by the shortest cut, turn general at once, and surpass all other scoundrels.”

General Wirion is a sharp, shrewd man, polite, and even affecting condescension. While some of the English would have turned into another street

* In the same satire, the author has the boldness to translate as follows :

“ Dociles imitandis
“ Turpibus ac pravis omnes sumus.”

Le crime est imité plutôt que les vertus,
On revoit des Césars, revoit-on des Brutus ?

in order to avoid him, others paid him the meanest court. When they met him on the promenade and bowed to him he returned their salute with the air of protection of a sovereign prince ; but if any prisoner ventured to differ from him, he would bear no controul, but flew into the greatest passion. He conducted himself during the first months with propriety ; but his moderation was only assumed ; he was a cool-headed, designing scoundrel. Like Hamlet's uncle, he could smile, and smile, and be a villain. Had an order come down from Paris to have all the English marched out, and shot upon the parade, he probably would have executed it with the greatest *sang froid* ; but the wolf soon let fall the sheep's clothing, and exposed his natural deformity.

General Wirion was the son of a *charcutier*, or pork-dealer in Picardy ; and though an attorney's clerk before the

revolution, he, upon every occasion, affected a contempt for his antient calling. No ancient *gentilhomme d'eepe* could have looked down with more *fierté* on an *homme de robe* than this Bow-street officer in regimentals did upon every civilian. When Mr. Christie had escaped out of the town, "'Tis clear," said Wirion, "he is a lousy quill-driver; the ink is still sticking to his fingers' ends."

A mulatto girl, born a slave in Jamaica, had attended her mistress to Verdun as waiting woman, but soon left her service, went upon the town, and was common to the whole depôt.— An Irish *detenu* had, in a moment of weakness, received a visit from her, and she swore to him the fruit of her promiscuous prostitution. This gentleman, conscious that he had no claims to the honors of paternity, consulted a French attorney, who answered, that no law

in France could oblige him to support the child of a notorious prostitute. The girl applied to Wirion, who sent for the gentleman, but he pleaded the law in his favor. Wirion flew into a violent passion, told him that he was *above law*, that he had him in his power, that he could do with him what he pleased, and ordered him to pay forty louis down, and give a note of hand for forty louis more, payable in a year. He was at first desirous that the money should be deposited in his own hands; but this the gentleman, probably to the advantage of the girl, declined. This may give one an idea of French liberty, and French hospitality. When a French general declares himself above law, what must be the state of freedom in a country where there are five hundred generals. I will not discuss the point whether this gentleman ought to have supported the child or not; but he could

only be considered as a stranger travelling in France, or as a prisoner of war. In the first case, he was only amenable to the laws of the country ; in the second, to the laws of war ; and yet had he opposed the general's dictates, he would undoubtedly have been sent off to Bitsche. Moreover, the sum of eighty pounds would have been exorbitant beyond example in France, even though this paternity had been bordering on certainty.

The captain of an East India ship being ill, had written a letter to the general, requesting to be dispensed from the morning *appel*. Not having a servant, a young woman whom he kept left it at the general's house, when Wirion unexpectedly thought proper to be affronted at his sending it by his *bonne amie*, and to shew his respect for morality, put him under arrest at his own lodgings, where he saddled

him with a gendarme, whom he was obliged to feed and pay for two days. Had mademoiselle brought him a Strasbourg pie, or an invitation to dinner, he probably would have forgot the impropriety of such a messenger.

Every day he received invitations from some of the *detenus*. At the same time that several were starving upon the three sous a day which they received from the French government, others were running into every expence, to have the honor of entertaining their jailor. Many who seemed to have adopted the maxim of lighting a candle to the devil, paid him visits of ceremony, and courted him upon every opportunity. Upon his return from Paris after an absence of some months, two of the principal *detenus* purchased each a pine-apple, a delicacy of enormous price in France, *pour en faire hommage á son excellence*. When the

detenus were about to perform an English play on the Verdun theatre, one of the principal actors wrote to the general, to request that he would fix upon his box, in order that it might be decorated with festoons of flowers, a distinction sometimes paid to a princess upon her birth-day, but never, even in the courtly country of Germany, to a prince.

I mean not to cast the least reflection upon these individuals, several of whom were men of honor and gentlemen of respectability, who, if prudence had allowed, would have resisted their oppressors with the courage which distinguished them upon other occasions. But as their situation admitted of no opposition, they who were not reconciled to the prospect of remaining many years, perhaps their whole lives in France, could only chuse between two lines of conduct: they

must either, by conciliating the favor of the French government, get the permission of returning, or remain quiet and unnoticed, till a favorable moment should offer an opportunity of escaping.

In the winter of 1805, Mr. Thomas Elde Darby, of Trinity College, Cambridge, published a translation of the 14th Satire of Juvenal, or rather to use his own words, he adopted the text of the poet as a foundation, on which he erected his own superstructure. This work, which is executed with spirit and elegance, will, without doubt, be favorably received by the public, whenever the author recovers his liberty. In one part he ridicules the vanity of an individual, who has the honor of entertaining some great man; these lines, with a very little alteration, might describe the *rage* of the *detenus* for inviting General Wirion.

Save me ! a letter—'tis the general sends,
 A sudden visit to his titled friends !
 Haste, loitering idlers ! to your charge repair,
 And deck the mansion with religious care.
 Swift at the word the anxious valets fly,
 Straight ! eastern sophas blaze with Tyrian die ;
 The polish'd plate refulgent lustre beams,
 And silver Naiads re-assume their streams ;
 In burnish'd metal Ceres swells the glade,
 There uncooth Pan affrights the sylvan maid.
 Ionic columns golden lamps sustain,
 And poor Arachne weeps her fate again.
 Heavens ! can Wirion all this interest wake ?
 You rub, slave, polish for a tipstaff's sake,
 While in yon garret, just across the way,
 A Briton starves upon three sous a day.

Some of the English had villas in the neighbourhood, where they passed the day, and where they were ambitious of the honor of treating the general. He often only half accepted the invitation, and only answered, "perhaps;" that is, if he received no invitation that pleased him better; and after putting the inviter to an extraor-

dinary expence, and keeping the company waiting, he never made his appearance.

In June, 1805, he invited himself to dine with Mr. Humphry Bowles, at his villa. The company were waiting for his arrival, when he sent an excuse, but promised that he would dine with him on the following Sunday, and joined the list of the English, whom he desired might be invited to meet him. No prince of the blood could have carried things with so high a hand. What would England say, should a Bow-street officer presume to dictate to a French prisoner what persons he should invite to have the honor to meet him. But arrogance alone was not visible in his conduct, it was a master-piece of finesse. He had invited the English most addicted to play to the house of a hospitable landlord, where the bottle had the

quickest circulation. The guests were assembled, but no general. He sent a second excuse, but promised to meet the company in the evening at the same gentleman's house in town. The society met there, heated by wine; he arrived cool and collected, set them down to *Boullotte*, a game which few Englishmen, even when perfectly sober are able to play, and fleeced them of one hundred and fifty louis.

A few evenings afterwards he won five hundred louis from General ***, two hundred from Mr. G*, and three hundred from Mr. G**, a young man scarcely of age; and in the same week he won one hundred and fifty louis of General ****; but all these individuals received particular indulgences. They were exempted from the roll-call, might prolong their morning nap, &c. Had he not been insatiable, he might have been content with the one thousand

eight hundred louis a year which he received for licensing the public gaming-table.

When Buonaparte's coronation took place at Paris, General Wirion wished to make as brilliant a figure as possible, and at as small an expence. He had long been in the habit of borrowing Mr. Garland's carriage, to drive about the town; and at last made use of it as if it were his own; and this loan he made with as little scruple or delicacy as an Usher who borrows tea and sugar of the young gentlemen at some paltry academy. He therefore took the liberty of driving off in it to Paris, which is thirty posts, or one hundred and fifty miles distant from Verdun. Whether he asked Mr. Garland's consent or not, is immaterial; for he knew that Mr. G. would not have ventured to refuse it. He and Madame Wirion paraded about the capital for many months,

and when they returned in it to Verdun, the carriage, which was a very elegant equipage when they first made use of it, was in a most miserable condition.

As we are upon the subject of carriages, Riccard, the general's aid-de-camp, who was worthy in every respect to tread in the footsteps of his master, thought himself also authorised to appropriate to himself four carriages ; and in December, 1805, he had the impertinence to send to Mr. Crespigny to borrow his chaise, merely to make a tour to Paris and back again ; and upon Mr. C. answering that his carriage was out of order, he sent a second message to ask if he knew any other Englishman who had one.

To return to his excellency.—In France, as well as in other countries of the continent, it is considered a mark of state and dignity to have a negro behind the carriage. An African king,

who saw the superiority of the Europeans over his own subjects, had trusted the prince his son, a boy about twelve years old, to the care of the master of a trading vessel, to carry him to England for his education. The vessel being taken by the French, the boy was marched to Verdun with the other prisoners. These circumstances were reported to the French government, and though he was no British subject, they treated him as a prisoner, and allowed him, as usual, three sous a day. The English used now and then to give him a trifle when they saw him in the street. Beg he could not, for he could not speak a word of any European language. For this boy Wirion, before he departed for Paris, had made a handsome livery; and taking him with him, paraded at the coronation with his sable highness behind Mr. Garland's carriage. Dur-

ing a stay of some months in the capital, the poor boy contracted habits of comfort and luxury in the antichambers of the satraps of the new court; but upon his return to Verdun General Wirion stript him of his finery, gave him his rags again, and without a souj in his pocket, turned him into the street, to live upon the charity of his fellow prisoners.

Mr. Garland, a gentleman of considerable property in Essex, seemed the particular object, not only of all the extortions of the general, but of his wife and aid-de-camp Riccard also. They made free with every thing that belonged to him. The aid-de-camp seemed to be master of his house, and many of the English, who saw the system of extravagance that was going on there under his auspices, prudently remained away. They were afraid of being considered the aiders and abettors of these

abuses, and might have been sent under some false accusation to Bitsche, had they ventured to oppose them. I cannot enumerate the presents of porcelain, plate, &c. received by the general ; but to prepare the minds of the readers for the master-piece of extortion that was plotting, I will set before them some of the achievements of Monsieur Riccard, who was the ostensible instrument of iniquity, when the general remained behind the scenes. Riccard having offered to procure for Mr. Garland some Champagne wine, he expected that some dozens would arrive, but received so large a cargo, that he might have set up for wine-merchant ; and for this liquor, as may be supposed, the aid-de-camp charged him the most exorbitant price.

Another time, Mr. Garland having complained that he could get no good silk stockings at Verdun, Riccard promised to bespeak some for him. How

great was Mr. G—'s astonishment at receiving two hundred and fifty pair of silk stockings, which speculation was no less productive to the aid-de-camp than the last.

As the place of wine-merchant and of hosier to Mr. G. was so profitable, we cannot be surprised that the general was desirous of being his pandar. A man, who with such facility acquiesced in every imposition, was not likely to be penurious when a lady was in the case. Mr. G. kept in the most elegant style a fair cyprian, who from her formerly having lived under the protection of a Spanish ambassador, enjoyed precedence among the *femmes entretenues*, and still retained by courtesy the title of *Madame l'Ambassadrice*, and at Verdun gave place only to *Madame la Princesse*.— This lady, according to the scandalous chronicle of Verdun, was said to enjoy, besides presents in china, millinery and

jewellery on birth days, saints days, and other solemn occasions, the enormous salary of one hundred and fifty louis a month. Had this fortune continued, she would have realised a property that would have enabled her to marry a marechal of the empire. She might then have represented the empress Josephine at some foreign court ; and might have been distinguished at the Tuilleries by the same elevated title which she hitherto has only borne at the *palais royal*. General Wirion calculated, that if he could displace this favorite, he might appoint her successor, whose gratitude he might turn to some account ; he therefore, through the means of his understrapper, the commissary of police, orders madame l'ambassadrice, though she had been leading a very inoffensive life, to quit the town. And the aide-camp begins tampering with the other members of the cyprian corps, who

would pay the highest consideration for his recommendation to be appointed to her lucrative post. Meanwhile, before this honorable treaty was concluded, Mr. G. whose known generosity enabled him to throw his handkerchief to any object of his choice, fixed upon a beauty who made no scruple to leave her former keeper to take up her abode under his roof. When scarcely had the night returned to cover with a veil of mystery the dark deeds of General Wiron, when a body of gendarmes surrounded Mr. G—s house, and the aide-camp entered, and in the name of the general ordered the fair fugitive to return to her forsaken lover. No one can suspect a man of gallantry, of delicacy, and of liberal sentiments, of having solicited this order ; but the fact is, that the general was determined to have claims upon the gratitude of Mr. G—s *bonne amie*, or perhaps he was afraid

that the influence of this lady might be an obstacle to the grand *coup* that he was meditating against that gentleman.

At length Mr. G. was permitted to fix upon an actress, who was either unprincipled enough to acquiesce in the general's projects, or was too weak and insignificant to counteract them.

But what will seem incredible to every British spirit is, that the *detenus* were reduced to such a humiliating state of subjection, and that this thief-taker carried every thing with such a high hand before him, that he, after having practised upon Mr. G. such a flagrant breach of honor and friendship, nay of common justice and of decency, still had the effrontery to frequent his house, and to breakfast, dine, and sup with him as before. Mr. G. had a friend, formerly a captain in the Scotch Greys, who used to live con-

stantly with him. The general therefore permitted him, during the two first years, to partake of all the indulgences granted to Mr. G. such as being dispensed from attending the *appels*, &c. and paid court to him upon every occasion. At length, when the time approached for carrying into execution his grand stroke of extortion, he judged it necessary to separate them, in order that Mr. G. might be deprived of his counsels. Therefore Captain Cheatham, though long the favorite and messmate of the general and of his aid-de-camp, received an order in September, 1805, to march off, together with the other *detenus*, who were conducted like galley slaves to Valenciennes. Mr. Garland now stood alone, without a friend or adviser; for the English who remained at Verdun avoided him, lest the general should think proper to send them out of the way. The general soon

after gave Mr. G. a permission to live at a village at about a league distant from the town, where no one saw him but Dr. Duke, the English physician who attended the general.

Before many weeks had passed, a general order was given out, that all the English, who had permission to remain in the country, should return to town. Mr. G. among the rest was returning, when he met a gendarme on the road, who was probably posted there on purpose; and who told him, that he, being a particular friend of the general, was by no means included in the order; but that he might return and remain quietly at his villa. In consequence Mr. Garland returned; when in the night a party of gendarmes arrived there, flourishing their drawn swords in the most menacing manner, forced him into his carriage, and drove him off to the cita-

del. Here the general told him, as he had not obeyed the summons, that he should be tried before a Court Martial, and that he would probably be shot for having the intention of making his escape. One of the general's friends appeared, and advised him to neglect no means to save his life. Mr. Garland, who had sufficient presence of mind to perceive that the drift of the whole was to extort money from him, said that he had a few hundred pounds by him, which he would offer to the general. "What," said the other, "a few hundred pounds? Thousands you mean—to save your life."—At length Mr. Garland was intimidated, and consented to give to the general an order upon Hammer-sley for five thousand pounds, that he might not be brought before a court martial.

This affair was during many months only known to the parties concerned,

And to separate Mr. Garland as much as possible from his countrymen, he received a permission, or rather an order from General Wirion, to reside at Clermont, a small town between Verdun and Chalons, where he and his *bonne amie* lived perfectly insulated.

Meanwhile the bill was sent to London, but Hammersley not being accustomed to receive an order to so large an amount without previous notice, conceived that something was going on wrong, and sent it back protested. Mr. Garland was therefore obliged to give a fresh order to the same amount, and to pay an additional sum of seven hundred pounds for the expences of the protest.

At length the affair transpired. One person whispered it to a second, who told it in confidence to a third. The general sent for Mr. Garland, and in the presence of Dr. Duke required

him to sign a written paper, that the money had not been extorted, but given voluntarily. But Mr. Garland, having been encouraged by some of his countrymen, refused to do so. Upon this the general flew into a passion, and threatened to shut him up in a dungeon, where nothing more would be heard of him; and when Mr. G. had quitted the room, he endeavored to persuade Dr. Duke to sign a paper, that Mr. G. had in his presence given the money voluntarily; but this Dr. Duke contrived to decline.

Mr. Garland was sent back to Clermont, which place being beyond the limits allowed to the prisoners, he could not communicate or consult with any of his acquaintance. And on the 20th of August, 1806, he set off for Toulouse; but whether of his own desire, or against his will, was unknown to his countrymen, as he was probably

not permitted to take leave of any of them.

Meanwhile the transaction became generally known, not only to the English, but among the French inhabitants of Verdun; but the prisoners lived in such a state of subjection, and were surrounded by so many spies, that no one whispered it to his neighbor without apprehensions of suffering for his temerity. At length, when Lord Lauderdale arrived at Paris, Dr. Duke drew up the affidavit of it before some *detenu*, who happened to be a justice of peace, and the earl, it is said, presented to M. de Talleyrand a memorial upon the subject.

During the first two years of our detention, every prisoner was obliged to carry a lantern after ten o'clock at night; and if by accident the light should be extinguished, he ran the risk of being arrested by any gendarme, who either

received half-a-crown to permit him to pass, or conducted him to the guard-house. The gendarmes were constantly on the watch, and in the course of two years made no inconsiderable fees by this branch of extortion. But when General Wirion became so deeply concerned in the gaming-table, it was his interest to encourage late hours, and every species of irregularity, he therefore to the great regret of the gendarmes abolished his former ordonnance.

In autumn, 1806, General Wirion had in contemplation a scheme, which on the first onset would have put into his pocket a hundred louis, beside the accidental profits which would have fallen in afterward. On the 27th of August, he gave an order, that from the 15th of the ensuing September, every prisoner should hang before his house a lantern of a particular form and size, and marked with the letter A (Anglais)

and that it should continue a light from the evening on shutting of the gates till day break ; and threatened with any punishment that he might think proper to inflict on any prisoner whose light should go out. This took place shortly before the battle of Jena, and the pretext of the measure was, that as the French troops were about to pass through Verdun in their way to Prussia, the gendarmes might run to the protection of the prisoners, should the soldiery be inclined to insult them. There never was such a barefaced imposition. In the first place, the military had, upon no occasion, shewed the least disposition to insult the English ; and had this order been given by an Irishman, it might have been styled a practical bull ; for the lanterns could have answered no end but to point out the dwellings of the English to the military, and invite them, if disposed to do so, to break the

windows, to force the doors, or to do them any violence. The sensation occasioned among the prisoners by this order cannot be described. To the principal persons it appeared an insult, as the ale-houses, coffee-houses, and public-houses of *all* descriptions in France are distinguished by a lantern; and it threatened the prisoners in poorer circumstances with a serious expence, as on a moderate calculation it would have cost them to keep the lamp alight the double of their daily pay of three sous, which they received from the French government; but not only this, should the light by any accident be extinguished, the gendarmes would come and extort their usual fee of half-a-crown, which they must either pay, or run the risk of incurring the general's displeasure. These incidental half-crowns probably composed a part of his speculation; but the other part soon came to

light, and the indignation of our countrymen was raised to the utmost, when by some chance they learned the extent of his project.

General Wirion had engaged a tinsmith to make the said lanterns, for each of which he was to receive from the prisoner fourteen livres, eight of which he was to keep for his work, and to pay six to the general. As the number of lanterns might have amounted to four hundred, the general would have pocketed one hundred louis for his share.

Many of the English had from the beginning been inclined to resist this imposition; but upon this discovery the resistance became general, and nearly the whole dépôt declared their determination not to light a candle, whatever might be the consequence. A spirit of opposition reigned for the moment, but it probably would have been quelled with less trouble than a rebellion at

Eton or Westminster; and the young gentlemen, after a little blustering, would have been obliged to comply, had not the general, who had his spies every where, been informed that the English were the masters of his secret, he therefore was happy to get out of the scrape as well as possible: and General Scot (*detenu*), Colonel de Berniere, Captain Woodriffe, and Capt. Gordon, R. N. (prisoners of war) being appointed at a meeting of the principal English to draw up a remonstrance, he condescended to withdraw his order, and there was no farther idea of this illumination.

Several letters passed between the parties on this occasion, and General Wirion, who having been an attorney's clerk, prided himself too much on the elegance of his style, not to seize this opportunity of shewing off. He begins one of his letters to General Scot with the importance of a minister of state.

*L'Inspecteur General de la Gendarmerie, l'un des
Commandans de la Legion d'Honneur, à Mon-
sieur le General Major Scot, Prisonnier de
guerre sur parole à Verdun.*

Verdun, le 30 Aout, 1806.

MONSIEUR LE GENERAL,

ON me trouve toujours disposé à écouter les observations, qui me sont faites sur les avantages, ou sur les inconveniens d'une mesure, dont il est en mon pouvoir de revoir, changer, ou modifier les dispositions, &c.

And he finishes a very long epistle, calculated to give the reader the highest opinion both of his heart and of his head, with a handsome compliment to these four gentlemen, and with a still handsomer one to himself.

“ Quoiqu'il en soit, Mousieur le Général, je ferai suspendre l'exécution de l'ordre, dont il s'agit, puisque ce m'est une occasion de donner aux prisonniers, qui dans la circonstance ont été les organes de leurs compatriotes, cette nouvelle preuve de ma confiance entière dans leur caractère, et les bons sentimens qui les animent.

“ Je crois avoir assez prouvé, qu'avec mes principes, et mon faire on n'avait jamais à redouter l'abus des pouvoirs, non plus que les effets des preventions ou du caprice. Rien de pareil n'est encore arrivé, et je ne tolérerais pas ces ecartes de la part d'aucun de mes surordonnés.”

Such is the account given by General Wirion of his own administration, and of the good behavior of all the people in office under him. Such is the style of his eloquence; and it must be allowed that if he fulfilled not the duties of his post, he cannot plead ignorance or incapacity in his excuse.

A month had not elapsed since the writing of the above letter, before Mr. Meller, a *detenu*, who had always conducted himself in the most regular manner, and three officers of the royal navy, were treated with unexampled barbarity by some of the gendarmes; but as I happen to have by me a copy of the

letter written to General Wirion upon the occasion, it may be interesting to hear Mr. Meller state his own grievances.

18th Sept. 1806.

MONSIEUR LE GENERAL,

I have the honor to inform you, that while I was amusing myself yesterday afternoon with catching larks in the neighborhood of Thierville, together with Messrs. Boyce, Devonshire, and Mathias, the village guard, under the pretext that we had done harm to a field (though the corn was already cut), arrested us, and conducted us before the mayor and the recorder of the village. Having given in our names and habitations, we were about to return to the town, when a woman ran to inform us that three gendarmes and a *chasseur à cheval* were in pursuit of some English; upon which we divided in two parties, and went to meet them, to know whether they were looking after us. Mr. Boyce and myself were proceeding leisurely on the road homeward, when we perceived two gendarmes, who were coming toward us in full gallop (we were advancing also toward them). The horse of one of them was near passing over my body. Had I not made a

spring aside, I should have been a cripple for life, if not killed upon the spot; and yet he continued to cry out, "*Si tu bouges, je te tue.*"— After many oaths he dismounted, knocked me down with a violent blow, made me rise again, and put a rope round my neck, which he drew with such force, that he almost strangled me, while he held nearly the following language:— "Villain, I will strangle thee. I am going to kill thee. Thou cur, I will run my sword through thee. If I were the general, I would have all the English shot upon the parade." In short, his words would make humanity shudder. In vain I assured him of my innocence, and asked him why I was treated in this manner. "*Point de questions B—, ou bien je te tue.* He then holding the end of the cord, which was very short, and went round my *naked* neck, mounted his horse, and in our way back to the village he continued his imprecations, and gave me from time to time a pull with the cord.

Mr. Boyce was more happy in having fallen into the hands of a more humane man, who cried out (as Mr. Boyce has since informed me) to my conductor, "Do not beat him, do not do him any harm." He also had the moderation to listen to him at last, and finding that we were

within the bounds of duty (*en regle*) began to perceive their error. Having been conducted to the village, we found our two countrymen with their hands tied with ropes, and our two gendarmes left us all to the care of the third, in order to continue their search after the fugitives.

It is right to inform you, that as I had a hunting whip in my hand, and a dog at my heels, and as Mr. Boyce had a net under his arm, no one could have supposed that we were making our escape; but it appears to me, that the gendarme who treated me in this manner was actuated by a hatred to our nation, and not by any desire of doing his duty; and I may add, that the other gendarme, who marched us back to Verdun, far from being sorry for the mistake which caused our sufferings, wished himself joy, while he was talking to the village guard, on an event which saved him the trouble of beating about the country in such bad weather. Nevertheless he forced us, wet as we were, to make a detour in the mud, that he might stop at the ale-house; and obliged us to walk in the middle of the road, though there was a foot-path on the side. Permit me, *Monsieur le General*, to seize this opportunity of thanking you for having me set immediately at liberty. Nevertheless I conceive it my duty

to give you a circumstantial account of this disagreeable affair, for I am persuaded that your orders must be dictated by justice and humanity; and that you would be sorry that those in office under you should abuse your authority.

I have the honor, &c.

(Signed) JOHN LONGFORD MELLER.

The three officers represented their treatment to Captain Woodriff, who as senior captain of the navy, exerted himself upon this, as upon every other occasion, to procure his officers' redress. The general answered his letter with his usual compliments and protestations; regretted that the gendarmes had been sent away on a distant commission, and promised that when they returned they should be severely punished. This however never took place; but as to the *detenu*, Mr. Meller, he neither condescended to answer, nor to take the least notice of his letter.

But can we wonder at seeing such

abuses committed by the gendarmerie, when even indifferent individuals were suffered to outrage the English with impunity. On the 8th of May, 1806, Mr. Eckford, of the marines, and Mr. Hawkey, of the navy, were returning in the evening with some ladies from a dinner in the country; when Lamelle, the apothecary, and another bourgeois, rode by in so mad a style, that they nearly galloped over one of the ladies. Mr. Hawkey cried to them to mind what they were doing. Exasperated at this, the apothecary, who was a remarkably stout man, and who seemed heated with liquor, sprung from his horse, and rushing on Mr. Hawkey, knocked him down, and stamp'd with his heavy boots in his face, so that he broke in half one of his fore teeth. Before the scuffle was over, the gendarmes (for it happened close to the Paris gate), being roused by the cries

of the females, hurried by and separated Mr. Hawkey from the ruffian. Had the Englishman been the aggressor, the gendarmes would have arrested him without further ceremony; but though all the bye-standers were crying out against the outrage, and though Mr. Hawkey was covered with blood, the two bourgeois were suffered by these satellites of despotism to mount their horses, and to proceed leisurely to their homes.

The two Englishmen laid the matter before General Wirion, who promised them his protection, and that justice should be done to them; and their affidavit was made out. Some few days after he sent for them, and after expatiating on his own impartiality, love of justice, detestation of every wrong, humanity, and so-forth, he lamented that Lambry, the criminal judge of the town, was brother-in-law to Lamelle;

but that in order to procure them a fair trial he would write to Paris to have an extraordinary judge appointed for this cause, and requested them therefore to have a little patience.

When they applied a second and a third time, the general put them off from day to day, so that the cause never came to a hearing. Probably Wirion wished to ingratiate himself with Lambry, who, upon some other occasion, might either countenance or counteract any of his projects.

It is true, that under the old government the protection of a Duc et Pair might sometimes screen an offender: but there are five hundred provincial judges for one Duc et Pair, and what must we conclude of the state of justice in a country where an apothecary may commit such an outrage with impunity, because he is related to a petty-fogging judge. In England, were a

foreigner, particularly a prisoner, treated in this manner, the whole neighborhood would have come forward in his defence.

At Verdun there was one kind of justice, when the English were prosecutors ; another when they were prosecuted. Though liable to be treated in this outrageous manner, the slightest offence on their side was construed into a capital offence. A mere fray in the street might be punished as a mutiny ; a blow given, or even returned to a Frenchman, as a state crime. In November, 1808, Mr. Rainsford, formerly in the Horse Guards, and Captain Hawker, were tried before a tribunal composed of French officers. The latter for having struck a silversmith, and the former because the blow was given at his house, into which this tradesman had intruded without authority to dun some Englishman. I know not

the particulars, but this scuffle was considered a mutiny, and the rancor of these French warriors, who sat in judgment over them, to all that is English, was so great, that they at one moment had the idea of condemning them to be shot; but at length, through the influence of the Commandant de Courcelles, who upon every occasion has exerted himself in favor of the English, they contented themselves with condemning Mr. Rainsford to the fine of twenty-five louis and six weeks imprisonment, and Captain Hawker to the fine of fifty louis and three months imprisonment.

Since this, an Englishman, whose name I have not learnt, has been shot for striking a gendarme, who struck him first.

A subsequent transaction, though it may make the hair of our countrymen stand on end, must not be passed over

in silence, but as a veil of mystery envelopes the whole transaction, they must be content with the most probable account. However unexampled the circumstances, related by one party before a tribunal, they deserve belief, when the adverse party shrinks from an examination, and puts into work every engine to hush up the matter. However delicate the affair, it ceases to be a private one, when the contriver of an infamous conspiracy is screened by people in office, who consent to act as aiders and abettors, it then becomes a public, a national concern.

One evening in December, 1806, Mr. W—— asserted over a bottle of wine to two or three gentlemen, that he could name an Englishman, member of the two clubs, and living in the first circles at Verdun, who in a very short time would be accused of an unnatural crime. One of the party seem-

ed to discredit the assertion ; another defied him to name the offender ; and as in some societies at Verdun, every thing both serious and comic was decided by wagers, a third betted him that he could not name him. In short, the matter passed over, and no one for some time thought more about it.

On Christmas day, 1806, a large company were dining together, when a servant delivered a message to Mr E. that Mr. Balbi, the same notorious black-legs who kept the gaming table, had something of importance to communicate to him at his own lodgings. Mr. E. left the society during the dessert, and went to Balbi's. The servant shewed him into a room, and Balbi having to his great surprise locked the door, informed him that he was accused of an unnatural crime, and that he would be sent off immediately to the prison at Bitsche, if he refused

to sign some bills on his banker, for five thousand pounds sterling Balbi protested that he acted in the affair as his friend, from personal regard; that though he doubted not of his innocence, yet innocent or guilty, the mere accusation would be sufficient to blast his character. The young man, instead of bursting from him with indignation, and running immediately to seek the advice and countenance of his friends, had the weakness to listen to his arguments; and, having the fear of Bitsche before his eyes, consented at length to sign four different drafts, which the other produced ready prepared, each for thirty thousand francs, the whole amounting to the sum of five thousand pounds.

Christmas day being a day of general festivity among the English, Balbi probably fixed upon it for the execution of his scheme; and it is probable

that Mr. E. when he was called away from the table, was not in a state to consider what he was doing.

But the next and the following days, having had leisure to reflect upon the serious consequences of his compliance, he assembled his friends, and related what had passed. They recommended to him to make the whole transaction as public as possible, and accompanied him to the French justice of peace, before whom he made out a *proces verbal* or affidavit, which this officer engaged to send to the *grand juge* or minister of justice at Paris.

Meanwhile General Wirion did every thing in his power to protect Balbi; he sent to the *juge de paix* for the affidavit, and the *juge*, though in duty bound not to communicate it to any one, but to send it to the minister at Paris, was weak or corrupt enough to deliver it to him. Wirion now at-

tempted to take the affair into his own hands ; he summoned the parties before him, and in some long and tedious examinations, before which he had purposely kept them so long waiting to exhaust their physical powers, he endeavored to brow-beat and puzzle by cross questions Mr. E. and all the witnesses that appeared in his favor. Balbi denied the whole accusation. He protested that he had never sent to Mr. E. Mr. E. had never come to his house on that evening ; he had never heard him accused of such a crime, he had never received from him bills to the amount of five thousand pounds ; he allowed that he had a bill for thirty thousand francs, or the quarter of that sum ; but this bill was for a gambling debt, and had no relation to the affair in question.

The general took every opportunity of vexing the English, who seemed de-

sirous of espousing Mr. E's. cause, at the same time that Balbi was left at liberty to travel about the country in order to seek protection from people in authority ; for such is the state of justice in regenerated France, that no cause can succeed there without protection.

By chance one of the company recollected the assertion of Mr. W., and he was summoned to one of the examinations to declare whom he meant, when he foretold that an Englishman of the above description would be accused of such a crime. Mr. W* prevaricated ; at one time he recollected nothing of the matter, at another he declared that he had made the assertion in joke, again he declined giving any answer at all. Nothing was brought to light, but every one concluded that if Mr. E. was guilty, W. must have been informed of his guilt ; if innocent,

W. must have been Balbi's accomplice, perhaps the contriver of the whole plot. No circumstance is so favorable to the young man's reputation as the silence of W—; for could W. have convicted him of the crime, what could induce him not to do so? No one can suspect him of remaining silent from motives of humanity. He might have cleared himself by criminating Mr. E. and have added, that Balbi also might have been informed of his guilt, and have attempted to extort money from him on that account; but as to himself, he knew nothing of Balbi's projects.

The principal *detenus* were so convinced of Mr. E.'s innocence, that they made a point of visiting him, and shewing to him every mark of attention.

Notwithstanding the contrivances of the general during several months, to smother the matter, Mr. E. and his friends determined to bring it before the

tribunal, when Balbi offered to compromise; and one of his agents informed one of Mr. E.'s counsel (but took care to do so without witnesses) that as Balbi had given to General Wirion thirty thousand francs (above twelve hundred pounds sterling) for his permission to execute this plot against an Englishman, and had been at some other expences, he would deliver back to Mr. E. three of the bills if he would pay the fourth. Be it remembered, that he had before declared that he had never received the three first. This proposition was rejected with indignation. Mr. E.'s friends had engaged some of the most eloquent barristers in France to plead his cause. Not only all Verdun, but the whole neighbourhood were in expectation of the event, when General Wirion, fearing that the part which he had acted in the transaction, would be exposed in

the court, just saved himself by an act of despotism ; and in June, 1807, a few days before the trial was to take place, the young man, and the other *detenus*, who had been active in his favor, were ordered off to different towns, without being allowed to see each other before their departure. He himself was sent to Saar-louis, near Strasburg ; one of his friends to Tours, a second to Orleans, &c. Had they, from motives of health or of choice, requested to have the permission to reside at these towns, it would have been denied to them. Thus all further examination into the affair has been stopped.

Balbi, for some time afterward, continued to show his unblushing countenance at Verdun. W. whose name as already related had been omitted in the list of the new members of the Carron Club, was making a rapid fortune by money lending. Though

only those who were forced by absolute necessity, or excited by a spirit of dissipation bordering upon madness to have recourse to his assistance, condescended to speak to him, like the Usurer in Horace, he consoled himself with his self-approbation. His conscience was in his money-bags. He used to boast that he had acquired ten thousand pounds, and that he intended to double the sum. It was whispered, though perhaps unjustly, that he was engaged as a spy of the police; but he was certainly favored by the French government; and it may seem incredible, that while so many of the most respectable *detenus* were confined within the walls of Verdun, W. was permitted to make a journey to Bitsche, and Saar-louis, where the victims of extortion of every kind were languishing in a prison, in order to collect his debts, or make new arrangements with his debtors; and

to persuade them to purchase any little comfort or indulgence, by adding so much per cent. to the bills that they had already given him.

In December, 1808, he was tried before the tribunal at Metz, on the accusation of having altered into six thousand livres a draft for one thousand livres, which he had from Sir Beaumont Dixie, upon Perregaux, the banker at Paris. If convicted, it was supposed that he would have been sent to the galleys; but even if criminal, with money in his pockets, he would not have suffered in France, and therefore it is less surprising that he has escaped.

Balbi, who was some way implicated in the affair, made his escape on board a privateer to America.

VILLAS.

GENERAL WIRION made the greatest

difficulty to permit any *detenu* to sleep out of the town of Verdun. In the summer of 1804 this indulgence was granted to a very few: these as usual were his favorites. They hired houses in the neighboring villages, and of course paid more for any ruined chateau or farm-house during a few months than the proprietors at another time could expect for a year's rent; but they had scarcely been at the expence and trouble of fitting them up, when their permission was recalled.— One gentleman, among the rest, had expended more than a hundred pounds upon his house and garden.

Of all the English one alone was permitted to lodge at a neighboring village. Humanity might conclude that it was some invalid who required country air. Was it not some *detenu* who had come to France as a friend, who was prepossessed in favor of the nation, among whom he had come to

spend his money? Hospitality might conclude this. No; it was Captain Brenton, the commander of a ship of war, in perfect health, and who had been taken in arms. Such an indulgence to a prisoner of war would be not unusual among any civilized nation; but certainly, should it be confined to either, a *detenu* who came to France as a guest had a greater right to expect it; but such is the honor and generosity of the French, that they have usually treated their friends worse than their foes.

Mr. Sibbald, before these permissions were generally recalled, was lodging in one of the neighboring villages, when he had a dispute with a medical man, whose bill he found extravagant. This surgeon, though an Englishman, had the honor of attending General Wirion, and probably gratis, for the general paid his bills by

exempting his doctors from morning *appels*, allowing them to sleep out of town, and other indulgences of this kind ; but the general was determined that though he might not pay him, others should ; so he sent to the patient an order, that if he refused any longer to satisfy him, his license to remain in the country should be revoked.

In the following summer Mr. Don and Mr. Watson were permitted to reside at their villas, and at different times other *detenus* received a like indulgence.

When any of these highly favored few had a party of friends from town, their friends were obliged to hurry away from dinner, and to gallop back, perhaps at the risk of breaking their necks, in order to reach Verdun before the shutting of the gates. No school-boy could have been so afraid of arriving too late for the bell. Old Etonians

in their sixtieth year were seen hurrying breathless home, as they had done half a century before to an eight o'clock absence. The free born Briton trembled at the sound of the curfew. Some gentlemen felt so humiliated at these restrictions, that they refused all invitations to the country. Some few individuals preferred remaining for months together within the town to the indignity of delivering their passports to the gendarmes at the gate.

Several ladies resided at their villas, though the general, who might have had a spite against their husbands, would not permit them to sleep out. At seven o'clock their lords and masters were obliged to sneak away to town, and leave their better halves perhaps to play at patience in their absence.

The general, having the chief profit from the theatre, it was understood that any *detenu* wishing to reside in the

country was to hire a box at the play-house.

FRENCH THEATRE.

THERE was a neat little theatre at Verdun, and a tolerable troop of actors arrived soon after our arrival ; but as the English were expected to pay double for every thing, the price was raised from thirty sous, the usual price in so inconsiderable a town, to half a crown for the boxes ; that of the other places was in proportion.

The second year General Wirion took the direction into his own hands, and paid the actors, and consequently the performers grew worse and worse, though the entrance-money was not lowered. According to their respective dispositions, some of the *detenus*

frequented the theatre in order to pay court to the general ; while others resolved to renounce a favorite amusement rather than put a sous into his pocket. At length it was understood that the members of the Tally Ho! and of the Jockey Club, must subscribe to the play, in order to have the permission to hunt or race. To this they submitted more willingly, as the families and individuals who resided at their villas had agreed each to take a box, which cost half a guinea a representation, and there were three representations a week. The general used to reason thus : “ I am fond of a play, you are fond of something else ; if you will contribute to my amusement, I will suffer you to amuse yourselves—at your own expence.”

The general shewed himself a good logician. As many of these subscribers had no taste for the theatre, the co-

medians, particularly in summer, often played before empty benches; and as the receipt of the house was the same, they grew careless and indifferent, and repeated the same piece so frequently, that at length the real amateurs derived no pleasure from the stage.

When the masters of merchant vessels were constrained to lodge together in companies of ten persons, they were visited morning and evening by a *gendarme*, who read over the roll. Those, however, who agreed to subscribe to the play, were exempted from this vexatious ceremony. Several paid for a seat in the pit the double of the pay which they received from the French government; and as they understood little of the language, they used to spend their evenings at the *grog-shop*.

ENGLISH THEATRICALS.

THE theatre offered to the *detenus* a resource against their eternal ennui, and some amateurs appeared upon the boards whose talents might have appeared to advantage upon the pic nic stage at Tottenham-court-road, and though perhaps below the encomiums frequently bestowed upon them in the *Argus*, would have classed them with the actors in most country towns in England. Mr. Concannon, who was the life and soul of all the gaiety and fun that reigned at Verdun, was the chief promoter of this branch of amusement. His house was the green-room, where the parts were distributed, the wardrobe arranged, the rehearsals performed, and the prologues recited. -

The first play that was performed upon the public stage was the *Revenge*,

Mr. Halpin performed the part of Zanga. He is an admirer and imitator of Kemble, and not less excellent as an actor than as a miniature painter. He valued his portraits at twenty-five guineas, a price which few could afford, and from which he never departed, except probably upon one occasion, when the future Comtesse Wirion did him the honor to sit for her picture. He probably exerted his talents *con amore*, as he was working for love, and not for money; for this great lady has as little idea of paying a painter as a physician, though when she requested Mr. Garland to lend her a carriage, or Mr. D's. mistress to lend her a bonnet, or Dr. Duke to feel her pulse, or Mr. Halpin to draw her portrait, there would be no saying nay. It would have been as dangerous for him to have declined the honor, as it proved to the Duchesse de Luynes to have refused to become lady

of the bed-chamber to Madame Buona-
parte. But notwithstanding his success
upon ivory, Mr. Halpin seemed more
flattered with the applauses he received
upon the boards, and he never was more
generally or more deservedly applauded
than on the first night in the character
of Zanga.

The second play was Douglas ; the
third the *Beaux Stratagem*. The full-
ness of the house on this last occa-
sion corresponded with the curiosity of
the public, as Mr. Concannon was to
act ; but as an account of this night's
performance appeared in the *Argus*, I
only need to transcribe it, and add the
prologue and epilogue.

Argus, May 4, 1805.

The Comedy of the *Beaux Stratagem* was re-
presented at Verdun on the 17th of April last:
Never did the house display a greater number
of fashionables. Every seat was bespoken and

the pit crowded at the box price. The Prologue by Mr. Con—n, was spoken by Mr. H—lp—, and received with the applause due to the talents and popularity of the Author and Actor. It contained many allusions to our present situation, and hopes for a speedy release; and compared the Verdun Theatre, where *grown gentlemen learn to act*, to the London Stage and its infant Roscius,

..... Where Tom Thumb in his teens,
May kill and ravish fifty Kings and Queens.

Aimwell was very well performed by Sir Wm. C—. Though he trod the boards for the first time, he acted his part with ease and dignity. Mr. H—lp— was, as usual, the hero of the night, and left it doubtful whether he excels most in Tragedy or Comedy. He was superior in his livery as Archer, to his Douglas in his tartan plaid, but hitherto Zanga in the *Revenge* is his *chef d'œuvre*. Colonel T—nd— was inimitable in *Scrub*. His costume was perfectly grotesque. Mr. P—sc—tt was humorous in the *Inn-keeper*; his figure did honor to his ale; the rough determined brutality of *Gibbet* was well kept up in by Mr. Le S—f. Mr. Kins—ton was a respectable Sullen, both in countenance

and air; and if Mr. N—ch—ls was too young for Sir Charles Freeman, youth being the least irreparable of faults, is sure of the indulgence of the audience. Mr. C—n, however, was the favorite of the house; his wig, his snuff-box, and his brogue, insured him the plaudits of the gallery, and the critics in the pit and boxes allowed that this Irish priest had never been acted so much in character, either at old Drury, or even in Smock Alley. As a transition to the females; we must notice Mr. T—mp—l in Lady Bountiful, who, without being embarrassed by his hoop and petticoats, acted the country squire's Lady of antient times; had judgment enough not to overdo his part, and was ridiculous without caricature.

The three Ladies showed that they had the routine of the Stage. Mr. D—v—s, as Mrs. Sullen, was the town Lady of fashion; the drapery of her robe, which was elegant and well put on, showed her figure to advantage. Mrs. F—s—r, as the squire's sister, acted with judgment: and Mrs. H—tl—n was the sprightly bar-maid as Cherry.

The Epilogue was written by the Chevalier L—wr—ne, whose poems have appeared in print; and whose satirical pen has, since our arrival

here, offended some and amused others. The Epilogue was, as might be expected, of a local nature; it was very severe on our Verdun way of life, and our young bucks, *who learn every thing in France—but French*. As a knight of Malta, he thought it incumbent on him to be very severe on matrimony; but he put the fair part of the audience in a good humor, by dismissing them with a compliment—

They who in life would happiness pursue,
Must fix on wives, who may resemble you.

It was spoken by Mr. K—m—y, who excels in this department of the Theatre; where the Actor should rather look, move, and speak as if he were in a drawing-room, than on a stage.

A—x—y.

PROLOGUE

To the Beaux Stratagem.

Fortune, inconstant as the wind and weather,
As her wheel turn'd has jumbled us together;
Who knows but the coy maid in one turn more
May quickly cast us on our happy shore;
Cherish the hope, and all her frowns to spite,
Let's be unanimous and laugh to night.

Our zeal and labor too, to please you certain,
 Nay, if you doubt it, peep behind the curtain.
 See Aimwell in his fright quite out of breath,
 Acting, not ale, is Boniface's death ;
 And in the scene see *Sullen* silent sit,
 Dreading to find a namesake in the pit.
 Gibbet had rather hang than go much further,
 And Foigard swears this comedy's a murder.
 Oh! may the devil take such comic sport,
 I told you comedy was not my fort ;
 This manager's a mighty stupid fellow,
 Why don't he make us Hamlet or Othello ?
 To give grown gentlemen these parts so petty,
 There's Scrub and I might pass for Master Betty.
 Archer, a culprit once of tragic name,
 On past indulgence dares not found his claim ;
 Zanga could only by your kindness please,
 But who shall teach him how to act with ease ?
 So much for actors—can our ladies fear—
 The sex must ever find protection here.
 No model aids us from the London stage,
 Unrivall'd, though it shine for youth or age.
 There's Romeo, to the fire of love alive,
 Thirteen years old, and Juliet forty-five.
 There Tom Thumb hero, scarcely in his teens,
 Has kill'd or ravish'd forty kings or queens.

Our company can no such prowess boast,
 We mangle, or disfigure them at most ;
 One comfort is, in manhood, or at school,
 We're old and young enough to play the fool ;
 Audience and actors in their turn betray it,
 You who look on, as well as we who play it.
 For instance, now, one lesson wisdom taught,
 " Stir not from home," and yet we all are caught.
 Will gravity release us? we say, no !
 Hush then, ye critics, let good humor flow.
 Propitious advocate! our cause it pleads,
 If beauty smiles—our Stratagem succeeds.

EPILOGUE

To the Beaux Stratagem.

ENTER ACTOR READING A PAPER.

What speak this Epilogue?—the thing's too bad,
 The man who wrote it must be worse than mad ;
 And he who'd speak it must have lost his senses.
 Hear how the execrable stuff commences.
 " An antient Muse from Anna's golden age"—

(Flings away the paper.)

Confound this Anna, hiss her off the stage.

About her golden age, why make this fuss?

The present age is good enough for us.

Our wives and husbands, and our belles and beaux
Are just the same—we've only chang'd our
clothes:

Our beauties too as many charms possess,
Tho' they no more are strait-lac'd as Queen Bess:

Our ancestors, 'tis true, were firm as rocks,

But are not we the chips of the old blocks?

And, tho' we've cast our swords and bags aside,

Yet still our bosoms glow with British pride.

Our square-toed cavaliers no more are seen

In the long periwigs of Prince Eugene;

Yet something more we know of polish'd life,

For one wig now may serve both man and wife.

To Rouge and Noir if any here will roam,

And leave his better half to yawn at home,

Let him beware, when reeling home to bed,

The budding honors of poor Sullen's head.

And you, young rake, who thoughtless, light,
and gay,

Contrive to turn the night into the day,

And drink, and game, and gallop life away.

You, whom no counsel teaches to retrench,

You who in France learn ev'ry thing—but
French,

Take from our play a hint—and who'd refuse,
 A wholesome lesson from an antient muse?
 Think not by suicide to end your pains,
 Nor, if you've any left, blow out your brains.
 From Gibbet, or from Aimwell, you may learn
 To give to your affairs a better turn;
 Have all your projects, all your plans miscarried,
 You can, at last, be only hang'd or married;
 Upon the highway you may risk your life,
 Or *pour le pis aller* may take a wife.

(The manager having called the actor aside, he returns laughing.)

Ladies, a word—our green-room's in alarms,
 Our poet's vanity is up in arms,
 That I should substitute my rhymes for his;
 He curses my propensity to quiz,
 And sends me forth to eat the words I spoke,
 Words void of meaning, utter'd in a joke,
 And, lest your frowns shall drive him to despair,
 I, in his name, most solemnly declare,
 That they who wou'd the path of bliss pursue,
 Must fix on spouses who resemble you.

The surplus of the receipt was intended for the poor *detenus*, and under this idea no one refused to pay five shil-

lings for a seat in the boxes, though double the sum paid for a French play. Yet, as the society, after hiring the theatre and decorations, buying dresses, and paying some of the actors and actresses, prompters, and candle-snuffers, among the poorer *detenus*, were obliged to pay to the French poor at Verdun the *droits des indigens* (which is a fixed sum, or per centage paid for each performance, on every theatre in France, to the poor of the town; and which, by the bye, may be no improper way of raising a poor tax), the British *detenus* received but little assistance from the undertaking.

This consideration, however, was not sufficient to discourage another set of *detenus* from attempting a play as a speculation. Being in indigent circumstances, the emoluments were to have been for themselves; but being little known in the fashionable circles at

Verdun, no one had any curiosity to see them, and they acted to empty boxes. The next day the French manager demanded payment for the hire of the house, dresses, &c. but they, not being able to satisfy him, suffered severely for their ill-success; for General Wirion, always happy in an opportunity to indulge the ferocity of his nature, had these unfortunate sons of Thespis marched off to Bitsche, where they continued for a considerable time in durance vile. Two of them were accompanied by their wives; and these married couples were obliged to sleep in the same rooms with the other male prisoners.

FETES.

At Verdun some fêtes were given, which will not only make an epoch in

that dull provincial town, but would make a sensation in some capitals on the continent. Thirty years hence, the mother will relate to her daughter of the *beaux jours de Verdun*, which she will regret together with her own. She will recollect her having celebrated the prince's birth-day at Mr. Concannon's ; her having had an *indigestion* from the fête at the *Eveché*, and her having figured at the masquerade ; for without doubt, the one that was given at Verdun will be called *the masquerade par excellence*.

Though prudence might have whispered to our free-spirited countrymen the absurdity of squandering their money, when no one knew what might be his wants on the morrow ; though reflection must have represented to them that nothing called upon persons so infamously arrested to do the honors of their

country to their oppressors ; yet it inspired the French with the highest idea of the wealth of Great Britain ; though, perhaps, even this was doing themselves no service, as it was only inviting the people in office to squeeze them the more. How differently situated were the Austrian and Prussian officers at Nanci and Chalons, to whom now and then *Monsieur le Maire*, and *Monsieur le Prefet* gave a dinner out of charity. All the French papers were full of the magnificent fêtes given by the English at Verdun.

Of Mrs. Concannon's fête to celebrate the prince's birth-day, the following account appeared in the *Courier*, 26th of September, 1805.

Private letter from Verdun 22d Aug.

“ We have had a grand fête given here on the 12th instant in honor of the Prince of Wales, by Mrs. Concannon. Her cards were sent out to one hundred and twenty persons, in the same style

as in London. The company met at tea, and were conducted into a large room, fitted up as a theatre, where a little piece adapted to the occasion was performed by Englishmen. It was intermixed with French parts, which were performed by the regular actors of the theatre, and a very humorous epilogue, written by Mr. Concannon, was spoken after it. The play lasted till twelve, when three supper-rooms, with two tables in each, were thrown open. The tables were covered with every thing which the season could produce, and the most renowned wines in France. About two o'clock the ball-room was ready; and the ladies and those gentlemen who wished to dance kept up country-dances, reels, and cotillions, till six in the morning. The gentlemen who wished to remain at table kept drinking and singing till the same hour, excepting some few who got round the hazard table. Captain Prescott sung a very humorous song, which terminated with this chorus,

May we soon arrive on the banks of the Shannon,
So here's to the health of Mrs. Concannon.

At six we were summoned to the breakfast-room, where tea and coffee kept us till seven, when we all retired to our beds, to be up by two to go to the races.

“**DRESSES.**—The ladies were dressed in a style much beyond what was even seen at Mrs. Concannon’s great routs in London: the preparations occupied them a month before, and every town in France, and even in Germany, were laid under contribution. Among the most conspicuous was the Honorable Mrs. Clive, who wore a Vandyke diadem profusely set round with jewels, and the Honorable Mrs. Annesley, who wore a dress which cost at Paris one hundred and fifty guineas. Mrs. Concannon had a beautiful bird of paradise feather, which cost twenty-five guineas.”

Though the above account is tolerably just, we must deduct from it a few exaggerations regarding the ladies dress, which would almost qualify it for the *Wonderful Magazine*. The ladies did every honor to the fête that fancy could devise. White and gold, and white and silver muslins, embroidered with flowers, were generally worn; and almost every head-dress consisted of three ostrich feathers, in imitation of the prince’s crest; but yet is it probable that only a few

towns in France, and none in Germany, had the honor of contributing to their toilets.

The above-mentioned song, written by the Chevalier Lawrence, was as follows :

You ask for a song, though I cannot tell why,
For you all must well know that no songster am I;
But once in a way I will try to be civil,
And should I displease you, then go to the devil.

A song for his supper each poet may sing,
But I was invited to eat, not to sing;
And, faith, I to-day in no comfort could dine,
My wife was so anxious to make herself fine.

“ My dear Mr. Prescott, how much I desire
A wig from our opposite neighbor Maguire—”
“ Confound your vagaries, of wigs I am sick,
The man is too wise to sell wigs upon tick.

For these many days past you have made such
a bustle,
I thought you would empty the shop of old Hus-
sell,
And from morning till night you did nothing but
look
In the *journal des modes*—where’s your cookery
book ?”

“ Now pray hold your nonsense,” replies my
fond wife,

“ And look like a gentleman once in your life;
Put on your white neckcloth, and take your
cock’d hat,

Or the ladies will cry out—what fellow is that?”

My wife I obey’d like a good married elf,
And passing the looking-glass bowed to myself,
And we jump’d in the carriage, no devil drove
faster,

The horses of Jennings less pleas’d than their
master.

As I entered the room, I was always a boozing,
And I said to myself, this is mighty fine doing,
And I wish’d that Queen Charlotte had given her
dear

Three hundred and sixty-five Princes a year.

When the robbers appeared, I could not help
believing

That many among them were bred up to thieving;
You applauded one Halpin, but may I be curs’d,
If a certain Tom Prescott was not much the first.

But now the good toast-master’s given his text,
To George on the throne, and to Georgy the
next;

Let’s fancy ourselves on the banks of the Shannon,
And each fill a bumper to Mrs. Concannon.

But even amid the festivity of the night, some vestiges of captivity appeared. The *detenus*, like Damocles at the royal banquet, were seated with a sword hanging over their heads. General Wirion, with his *memento-mori* countenance, like the guest in Lewis's ballad, spread a gloom over those who sat near him; nor till he had taken his seat at the gaming-table in a distant apartment could the carousing party give loose to their merriment. The hazard-table was, as usual, kept by the licenced gamblers from the Paris bank. The English were not, even on this night, permitted to lose their money among themselves. The Grand Nation must have its share in the plunder, and General Wirion, not content with winning at the bank, received five louis extraordinary for licencing the game.

The fête at the Eveché, or Bache-

lor's ball, given by some of the principal single men, to return the civilities which they had received from the families, was equally splendid and well conducted. It took place on the 19th of March, 1806, at the palace of the ancient Bishops of Verdun, which, as Verdun has ceased to be a see, had been converted into a *senatorie*, or residence of a senator, acting as a kind of lord lieutenant; but the senator being absent, he had granted to these gentlemen the use of his palace for the night. The apartments, and particularly the supper hall, which was formerly a banqueting-room, worthy of a prince bishop of the holy Roman empire, were elegantly decorated. The table produced every delicacy and rarity which could be procured far and wide. No expence was spared in the wines, nor were the ladies behind hand in their toilets. In short, the tout ensemble

offered a ravishing spectacle. A stranger would have mistaken it for a fête to celebrate some victory, and not an entertainment given by a number of captives in the house of bondage. Several of the French officers quartered in the town were present, and feasting at the expence of the same *detenus*, who, had they been in want, would only have received from the Great Nation three sous and half a pound of bread a day. Many of the French inhabitants were invited; but as it was known that Madame Wirion was to be there, none of the *ci-devant* noblesse accepted the invitation. Yet other beauties graced the solemnity with their presence. For instance, Madame Wirion had intimated her desire, that Madame Antoine, the apothecary's wife, should not be forgotten. Yet the old *buccaneer* remained the queen of the fête. When supper was announced, she was conducted

to the place of honor, where she sat like a blooming eastern bride on the right hand of the president; but he, more fortunate than Alexander, being placed between the two most distinguished ladies of the two nations, divided his attention between the daughter of an English peer, and the wife of a French thief-taker.

Mr. Dalzel, and Mr. Innes of the navy, gave during the following winter a most elegant ball and supper, which lasted all night: the absence of Madame Wirion contributed not a little to the gaiety and good humor of the entertainment, and enabled some of the most distinguished families to accept the invitation. The *fête* lasted all night, and several of the *detenus*, as if loth to quit the festive scene, stole off to the morning *appel* at nine o'clock, and returned to breakfast with the ladies. After supper, Mr. Temple sung

the *detenu's* song, written by the
Chevalier Lawrence.

DETENU'S SONG.

We Britons, we've no need to blush
At our unworthy yoke,
Our foes should blush, tho' we may sigh,
The laws of hospitality

We Britons never broke.

Though we're unable to defend
Our altars and our fires,
Our friends at home are still the same,
To honor true, and heirs to fame,
And worthy of their sires.

Though here detain'd 'gainst ev'ry law,
Of many a joy bereft,
With conscious pride we still advance,
We are not citizens of France ;
Our honor still is left.

Our confidence our only crime,
Our foes must own us true ;
And think, if pris'ners thus we live, }
So nobly act, so freely give,
If free what should we do.

But should we e'er be doom'd again
To breathe our natal air,

We wisely then will stay at home,
 While wretched exiles forc'd to roam,
 May find protection there.

To keep the mem'ry of our wrongs,
 We'll meet then ev'ry year,
 And warn the trav'ler, not to place
 His friendship in so false a race
 As those who kept us here.

Why visit France? our gen'rous youth
 A mushroom court should shun;
 Paris to Petersburgh has fled,
 The lily lifts its drooping head
 Beneath a Russian sun.

Each gale from France to us shall seem
 A pestilential breath;
 While shipwreck'd seamen dread to land,
 Avoid the inhospitable strand,
 And risk a watery death.

But if we needs must travel, we
 Will pass beyond the Rhine;
 The Swede and Dane may be believ'd,
 The honest German ne'r deceiv'd,
 He's gen'rous as his wine.

At Berlin science holds her court,
 By royal Frederick crown'd;

And Dresden boasts the polish'd arts ;
 And open doors and open hearts
 Are on the Danube found.

And we've at home where Brunswick spreads
 Her hospitable board ;
 And where at Weimar all the nine
 Behold the classic laurel twine
 Around the feudal sword.

But the annals of captivity had certainly never produced a masquerade till the 6th of Feb. 1807, when one was given at the expence of four gentlemen, two of whom were true prisoners of war, the others *detenus*; but at what expence it would be difficult to say. None of Lord Barrymore's fêtes at Wargrave could have surpassed it in eclat, or could have made half the sensation in the county of Berks, which this made in the town and environs of Verdun. One of the largest hotels was decorated to the very foot of the staircase with festoons of flowers, devices, illuminations, &c.

To describe the banquet, costumes, and characters, would be to give the description of a scene present to the imagination of every one who has seen a masquerade.

One mask was inimitable as a negro ; another made a most capital taylor. Some changed their costume, and appeared successively in different characters. All the English ladies, and the principal French families were invited. The supper was sumptuous, the tables laid out in different rooms ; and the company remained for a regular breakfast. The whole passed with the greatest gaiety. Every thing was conducted with propriety, and when Punch and Harlequin retired at noon day to their lodgings, the peasants, who were returning from market, inquired with surprise if that year there was a second carnival.

The fête given in 1807 by the Welch

on St. David's day, at which about forty persons were present, under the presidency of Colonel Williams, who sat under a canopy decorated with the prince's crest and motto, and who did the honors with infinite grace, would have merited a longer notice, had it not been so completely eclipsed by the entertainment given by the Irish on the festival of their patron. The annals of St. Patrick could never have recorded a more sumptuous banquet. Mr. Watson, who was president, had a vice-president and four stewards under him. About eighty persons sat down to dinner at a house the person; but such was the hospitality of our Hibernian neighbors, that the whole was at the expence of about a third of the company, who entertained their friends from the Severn, the Thames, and the Tweed. The dancing saloon of one of the coffee-houses was entirely filled with an immense table in

the form of a double T, at the head of which sat the president, under a green canopy, decorated with the Irish Harp, and motto, *Erin go Bragh*, elegantly painted by Mr. Halpin. The invitation had been printed on green cards, with the same motto and device. It would be needless to say that no expence was spared either in the kitchen or cellar. A quantity of claret arrived from Bourdeaux, at a price enormous in France, seven livres and a half the bottle. An Irishman, who in his way to India had been taken by the French, and sent to Verdun, was a perfect master of the Irish bagpipes. A number of songs were sung: the following were written for the occasion.

SONG

BY THE CHEVALIER LAWRENCE,

Recited by the President.

I sing of a Saint, whether Irish or Scot,
Let the doctors decide, for I care not a jot;

Tho' the legends declare, that the comical blade
Was a Scotchman by birth, an apostle by trade.

Sing Ballynomona ora.

Like ourselves the good Patrick in France was
detain'd,

But like a true Christian he never complain'd,
For the son of the church, by permission divine,
Was a pris'ner at Bourdeaux, the country for
wine.

At length when he was from confinement re-
leas'd,

He heard the poor Irishman wanted a priest,
So he pray'd that the Pope wou'd declare him
his vicar,

And he freighted his ship with some hogsheads of
liquor.

When to Ireland he came, the idolators run
To see how he preach'd from the top of a tun,
And tho' he had scarcely converted a sinner,
When the sermon was ended, he ask'd them to
dinner.

'Twas then that his tenets were best understood,
All parties agreed that his table was good,
And tho' for the cross they might not care a
carrot,

They all had a taste for his excellent claret.

He shew'd them a Shamrock,* “ My honies you
 see,
 The leaf it is one, and the leaf it is three ;”
 To them t'was *all one* ; but they're full of di-
 vinity,
 They fall on their knees, and they worship the
 Trinity.

He ceas'd not to preach, and they ceas'd not to
 tope,
 Till they were in a trim to acknowledge the
 pope ;
 So out of his knapsack a parchment he pulls,
 And they drink to the *infallible maker of bulls*.
 They ask'd of the apostle but one bottle more,
 And they burnt all the idols of Woden and Thor,
 To the Druids no longer they gave any quarter,
 The pitiful wretches drank nothing but water.
 Thus acted the saint for the good of his soul,
 The pope made him bishop, and gave him the
 stole ;
 For his holiness judg'd him a worthy divine,
 Who taught us the first to turn water to wine.

* The honor paid to the Shamrock in Ireland is in consequence of this ingenious use which St. Patrick made of it to explain the Trinity.—See his Life in the Catholic Calendar.

To all lovers of claret his mem'ry is dear,
 And his faithful disciples unite ev'ry year,
 Where'er they may be on the land or the ocean,
 Saint Patrick's an object of constant devotion.

We therefore entreat, that whate'er their creed,
 Our friends from the Severn, the Thames, and
 the Tweed,
 To Saint Patrick would empty their glass with-
 out blinking,
 And where could they find such a patron for
 drinking?

For the apostle was sure for a toastmaster bred,
 Tho' he drank like a fish, he wou'd ne'er lose his
 head,
 'Tis therefore his picture displays him at ease
 With his head in his mouth swimming over the
 seas.

So now to conclude, I will give you a toast,
 May we all soon depart for the opposite coast,
 May we meet no disasters when we're half seas
 over,
 But bring back our heads safe and sound into
 Dover:

SONG,

Written and Sung by Sir WILLIAM COOPER.

Ye Sons of St. Patrick, true Irish boys nam'd,
For good humor, for mirth, hospitality fam'd,
You all love the man, and you all must with me
Feel the loss of our poet of Donaghadee*.

*Sing Ballynomona ora,
Oh Tady's the poet for me.*

The devil once busy, that brought him to France,
To the Court of Vienna has led him a dance;
Poor Tady to travel so little inclin'd,
Has left cabin, relations, and pigs far behind.

Of bad wine and bad living he sorely complains,
Looks back on his prison, and sighs for his chains,
His jokes and his fun he's obliged to forego,
And has never once laugh'd since he left the depot.

Oh had he been here what tales he'd have told,
Of Prussia bedevil'd, and towns bought and sold,

* Mr. Concaunon, whose absence was so much regretted at every convivial party, having received permission to reside at Vienna, wrote to his friends at Verdun, that he found that capital so dull, that he repented of his having left the depot.

How citadels fell at the sound of the drums,
 'Cause the cits and their wives were afraid of the
bombs.

How some people's plans have been damnably
 cross'd,
 By streams without water, and thaws without
 frost;

How their cannon unluckily stuck in the bogs,
 Tho' 'twas no such bad place one wou'd reckon
 for frogs.

Then such winter campaigning was ne'er known
 before,

Where thousands are slain, and they write down
 a score;

Hop, step, and a jump, it is nought but a span,
 From Paris to Pultusk and Preüsish Eglan.

How a Russ-man, it seems, tho' you'll think it
 a farce,

Will run leagues with a bayonet stuck in his ——
 But hush! here the muse shuts her mouth in the
 dumps,

For in Verdun her wings are clipt close to the
 stamps.

But she'd turn in a rage, having lately perus'd
 Some lines,* where all poetry's laws are abus'd,

Where the writer too timid to snarl or to bark,
Like a true-bred assassin has struck in the dark.

In the metre of Simkin, in rhymes without wit,
Not a single godd point, not a whimsical hit,
With a venomous-tongue he has dared to reflect
On the sex, the dear sex! he was born to protect.

What a field for our muse! who ne'er once in
her life

Caus'd a blush on the cheek of maid, widow, or
wife;

Och! such versification she never could learn,
For a back-biting muse is a lousy concern.

But in truth such productions are not worth her
pains,

Tho' her true Irish blood boils with rage in her
veins,

You, my boys, then she greets, having taken her
spell,

Drinks a bumper to Erin—and wishes her well.

*This alludes to an abusive poem which had lately been circulated at Verdun, with the most busy malice, and which contained the most cruel and unmerited satire against our countrywomen.

The following song is a parody upon a popular ballad among the Irish rebels, and consequently a favorite with all who were ill-disposed to the British government; and many persons, by no means participating their sentiments, were induced by the melody of the tune to call for it upon every occasion. This consideration inspired the Chevalier Lawrence with the idea of parodying it, which was turning against the enemy their own arms. This parody, however, had been judged too severe against our oppressors; and Mr. Prescott had cautiously resolved to suppress it; but in the midst of the conviviality of the banquet, surrounded by his free-born countrymen, he overcame his fears, and ventured to sing it. It is remarkable that before a year had elapsed Mr. P. was sent to a fortress, and was nearly in the situation the description of which his fine voice had rendered so pathetic.

THE CAPTIVE OF ERIN.

In the dungeon of Bitsche a poor captive of Erin
 Lamented his fate as he lay on the straw ;
 He wept for his folly, to France when repairing,
 When he hop'd it the country of justice and law.
 Tho' the day-star was hid from his eye's sad devo-
 tion,

He thought of his own natal isle of the ocean,
 Where oft in the fire of his youthful emotion,
 He sung the bold anthem of *Erin go bragh*.

“ Ah surely,” he cried, “ to the innocent
 stranger,

The hordes of the desert less barb'rous would be;
 But could I imagine my freedom in danger,
 Who came to a nation that call'd itself free?”

In the gloom of a prison I count the sad hours,
 And languish in vain for the sweet shady bowers,
 Where my friends crown the harp with the wild-
 woven flowers,

That grow on the green fields of *Erin go bragh*.

While they by their cabins rejoice in the wild
 wood,

I mournfully write my sad tale on the wall ;
 Ah! where is the mother that nurtur'd my child-
 hood?

Her counsels too late to my mind I recall.

' Ah how can the stranger," exclaim'd my fond
mother,

" Confide in the French, who have murdered
each other,

Nor spar'd in their fury or sister or brother ?

Na, rather remain in sweet *Erin go bragh.*"

Erin, my country, tho' treach'rously taken,

In my dreams I revisit thy sea-beaten shore;

But alas! in a far foreign land I awaken,

And sigh for those friends whom I ne'er shall
meet more.

But should I return, sure my sufferings would
teach me .

To stay in a land where no gendarme could
reach me,

No spy could accuse, and no traitor impeach me,

For we have no serpents in *Erin go bragh.*

Each selfish desire on my death-bed suppressing,

For my country shall be the last breath that I
draw,

Erin, a captive bequeaths thee his blessing ;

Land of my forefathers, *Erin go bragh.*

When my pulse beats no more, when my heart's
without motion,

Green be thy fields, sweetest isle of the ocean;

And thy harp-striking bards shall sing loud with
devotion,

Arin ma vernain—Erix go bragh.

We have only cited these two entertainments on account of the eclat with which they were conducted. The same festivals had, from our first detention, been usually kept, but in a more moderate way, and probably they will never pass unnoticed over the heads of the *detenus* till the happy day of their delivery; but on account of the low state of the finances of those still remaining at Verdun, they will in all probability rather be repasts of good fellowship than feasts of splendor.

In the winter of 1808, some of the *detenus* had agreed to give a subscription ball. The company, among whom were many of the French inhabitants, were assembled. Mr. Timothy Smith was master of the ceremonies. Just as the fiddles were about to strike up

a body of gendarmes came by the order of the general, who was piqued that Madame Wirion had not been invited, and threatened, that if the company retired not immediately, they would conduct *Messieurs les Anglais* to the citadel. There was no idea of disobeying; but the French families were so disgusted, that they made a point, each in its turn, to give a ball to the detenus. This the general could not prevent, and to these entertainments *Madame Angot*, as the French used to call Madame Wirion, from the character of a vulgar woman in a French comedy, was pointedly not invited.

MONEY LENDERS, USURERS, IMPRISONMENT FOR DEBT.

Soon after the arrival of the *detenus* at Verdun, the public cryer, with beat of drum, forbade the inhabitants to

trust them; so that for some time there was no idea of arresting an Englishman for debt. Meanwhile the hazard-table was established under the protection of the general, and every temptation to extravagance thrown into their way. A swarm of Jews, both of the town and neighboring departments, but particularly from Strasburg, and a gang of money lenders and usurers from all parts of France, beset the English upon every occasion. They used to offer their services in the anti-chamber of the gaming table, in the lobby at the play-house, in the public street, nay, in the very guard-room, where the prisoners appeared twice a day to write their names in the appel book. Many young men were seen to drop into the gaming-room at midnight, at two, four, six o'clock in the morning, and being heated with liquor, would stake all the money that they had about them at a throw. The usurers,

who had frequently a share in the ban, continued to supply them with money as they lost, sometimes without being sufficiently sober to know to what amount; and before they quitted the room, they were required to sign the acknowledgments which the money-lenders carried about them ready for signature, and which they often signed without being acquainted with, or being able to reflect upon the terms which would be exacted,

The next day before the patient was perfectly sober, the money-lender would call for payment, or for a bill upon a banker. The money-lenders were generally in a confederacy, so that if one of the league had for the sum of one hundred louis received a bill upon England for two, three, five hundred pounds, he passed it, to a second or third person, who were ready to swear that they had given the real value for

it; and that if the original transaction had been usurious, they knew nothing of the matter. It was not their affair.

The most moderate interest which the money-lenders at Verdun required was two per cent. per month, or twenty-four per cent. per year; though money has been frequently lent at the double or treble of that interest. Some *detenus* at present (1808) have given acknowledgments for a thousand pounds, though they may not have received one, two, or three hundred pounds; but the interest has swelled to this amount in a couple of years. Others owe at present ten thousand pounds for the original value received of one thousand.

All the tricks and artifices described by the Hebrew in the School for Scandal were practised by the money-lenders. One young man under age gave a bill, for which he received from one usurer a number of oil-skin umbrellas,

which he immediately sold to a second usurer, who had engaged to buy them for a third of the sum. A midshipman gave a bill of a hundred pounds for a horse scarcely worth ten. A baronet received one hundred and twenty louis in money, and a piece of plate worth thirty louis more, for a bill for two hundred and fifty pounds sterling, and in three years this debt amounted to two thousand pounds sterling.

A number of similar transactions were notorious, but without doubt, as debtors are generally desirous of concealing their circumstances, an equal number were kept secret.

During the two first years of our detention, it was allowed that no prisoner of war could be arrested for debt; for the axiom has generally been received by all polished nations, that a man, not being permitted to exert himself to his own advantage, should be

prevented from acting to his own detriment. His body is considered the property of the state; he cannot by any exertion of his abilities enlarge the degree of liberty that he enjoys; it is therefore just that he should not be able to diminish it by any imprudence or extravagance. He is in a state of minority; and they who lend money to minors lend it at their own risk. As the *detenus* were not authorised to prosecute their debtors, it was reasonable that they should not be prosecuted by their creditors. An edict had been published to dispense the French from paying their debts to the English; so that if they were permitted to arrest the English, an Englishman might be arrested for ten louis by one Frenchman; though he could not oblige another Frenchman to pay him the debt of a thousand.

Supposing the edict had not taken

place, a *detenu* could not travel about the country to collect his debts; and on the other hand, it would be an act of wanton barbarity to confine in a prison him whose person was already secured within the walls of a town. If a general exchange of prisoners, man for man, as had been practised in all preceding wars, should take place, a Frenchman would not have been content to remain in England, because an Englishman who might have been exchanged for him, had died in a dungeon.

At length, in Autumn, 1805, Lippman, the Jew at Verdun, who had been a contractor for the French army, and to whom the French government owed forty-two thousand pounds sterling, declared that he could not undertake to supply the cavalry with horses (the Austrian war was just about to break out) without he either

received this sum due to him by the French government, or a particular permission to arrest the English for debt. At first he alone received this authorization from Berthier, the minister of war; afterward it was granted to others, and soon became general.

From this moment a number of *détenus* and prisoners of war have been confined for debt; but impartial justice to the inhabitants of Verdun obliges us to assert, that very few have been confined at the suit of the regular bourgeois, for reasonable debts for lodging, food, or raiment. Confident in the justice of their claims, and in the honor of the nation, they wait with patience till their debtors, more sinned against than sinning, shall be in a situation to pay them; and many instances of generosity and liberality, that would do them the highest honor, might be cited. Some lodging-house-keepers have

retained their lodgers month after month, year after year, without receiving a livre of rent; and other tradespeople have acted equally liberal; but the English have generally been arrested for the most usurious debts, and at the suit of blacklegs and of money-lenders, both Jews and Christians.

Perhaps the accusations against Aris, the jailor of Cold-Bath Fields, are exaggerated; nay, he may be a very honest and a very humane man, for what I know to the contrary; but even allowing that he is such as represented in some parliamentary speeches, he is still an angel of light compared to General Wirion. How deplorable, therefore, must be the case of the poor *detenus*; who, at the suit of any usurer, whose unblushing infamy might vie with that of the celebrated Chartres of notorious memory, or any other Shylock of our own time, might be delivered over to General Wirion to be tormented.

Mr. Jackson, a young man scarcely of age, was the first victim of this merciless decree. Want of occupation, the wicked syren, had tempted him to the gaming-table, where, after some success at first, he lost a heavy sum. An usurer who frequented the hazard-bank, and who was probably in league with the bankers, kept supplying him with cash on the usual iniquitous terms; and then, by General Wirion's orders, he was confined in a tower of the citadel. It was their design to subject him to the most rigorous treatment, in order to induce his friends who felt for him to make every exertion to collect the money. Among other practices, they actually had recourse to hunger; and when Mr. Jackson's brother, a respectable clergyman, who also had been detained, was about to send him his dinner into the jail, General Wirion, though authorised by no law, forbade that it

should be carried into the tower, and for many days Mr. Jackson was obliged to live on bread and water.

Mr. Ellis, formerly a member of parliament, was confined for a year and a half within the walls of the citadel for a debt to a Jew and was during that time, subjected to the most wanton cruelties: Howard was of opinion that solitary confinement was the most insupportable of all punishments; yet Mr. Ellis was for six months confined within a small room, insulated in the yard of the citadel, with a sentry placed at the door, and no one was permitted to speak to him, except one or two of his friends, who now and then obtained leave to visit him, with as much difficulty as if he had been the prisoner in the Iron Mask. Had any one had the hardiness to ask General Wirion by what authority, or to what purpose, he had recourse to these barbarous measures,

he would have been at a loss for an answer; but he had probably received a bribe from the Jew in this case as well as in the last.

It would be grievous to cite the different instances of cruelty with which several *detenus* have been treated. Some have been confined in the citadel, others in the town jail, which has no yard, garden, nor any place for exercise. Mrs. Knowl was at one time confined here, while a Frenchman was dying of an infectious disorder under the same roof. Others have been marched off with gendarmes, and confined in the jails of Sarlouis, Saarbruch, and other places one hundred miles distant from Verdun.

It was a practice of the money lenders, after they had reduced a debtor to despair by all the hardships which he had suffered, to allow him to quit the prison, on condition that he would give

them an acknowledgment for a larger sum. After some months they would confine him a second time, and exact a second augmentation of the debt, and so on. In this manner several debts, originally trifling, have swelled to enormous sums.

Another artifice of the money lenders when they knew that a bill upon London, or upon any other place was good, and that it would ultimately be paid, was to contrive to present it at an unexpected hour, or when the person upon whom it was drawn was not at home, and then to hurry to a public notary to have it certified that the bill had not been paid. The Englishman at Verdun, who usually was ignorant of commercial affairs, was then charged an exorbitant sum (often three times what he ought to pay) for this delay, and the bill was sent off a second time. It cannot therefore be too seriously

recommended to all private persons upon whom the bill of a prisoner may be drawn, to be as punctual as possible; as any negligence on their side may subject him not only to many inconveniencies, but even to harsh treatment.

When General Clarke had succeeded to Berthier as war minister, he, as upon every occasion, willing as far as his power allowed to alleviate the distresses of the English, renewed the usual custom, that a prisoner of war could not be arrested for debt; so that, except in a few cases, when Wirion, confident that no prisoner would have the courage to accuse him, ventured to break through this restriction, no arrestation took place for some time. But on the 26th of August, 1807, when Buonaparte passed through Verdun on his return from the battle of Tilsit, the tradesmen, shopkeepers, bankers, usurers, both Jews and Christians, the linen-draper Houselle at

their head, presented an address against this humane custom revived by General Clarke. A favourable answer was returned, and on the 26th of September, just a month after the passage of the beneficent sovereign, whose presence, like that of a godhead, should be marked with plenty and abundance, and should spread smiles and content around, the following appeared in the official papers of France.

Gazette de France, Sept. 26, 1807.

Son Exc. le grand juge ministre de la justice, informé que plusieurs personnes ayant obtenu des condamnations par corps contre les Anglais prisonniers de guerre en France, éprouvent des difficultés à les mettre en exécution, parce que ces Anglais, comme prisonniers de guerre, sont sous la surveillance directe de l'autorité militaire, vient de décider que toutes condamnations par corps prononcées et à prononcer, contre des Anglais, doivent recevoir sur le champ leur pleine exécution, dans toute l'étendue de l'empire, sans que l'imprisonnement des débiteurs puisse éprouver

aucun obstacle ou retard, sous quelque prétexte que ce soit. Les droits des écreantiers, étant ainsi assurés, l'autorité militaire pourra, de son côté prendre les précautions, qu'elle jugera convenables pour l'exercice de sa surveillance.

Be it remembered that since December, 1806, no letters directed to England were received, as the post-office, and all communication between the two countries, was prohibited by an imperial edict; so that many prisoners had remained months together without receiving a line from home. They were frequently ignorant of the births, marriages, and deaths that had taken place in their families, and consequently they might draw a bill upon a person who had changed his abode, who had broken in trade, or was deceased. One would imagine that when all correspondence was interdicted, a Frenchman, who took a bill upon England, took it at his own risk, and that it was a mere transaction

of honor between the two individuals. Far from it; as if all the edicts of France were systematically to be interpreted to the disadvantage of the English; though a Frenchman, being forbidden to correspond with England, had no legal channel of transmitting a bill thither, yet, should it return unpaid, he might throw the detainee into jail. — What cruelty in the edict! What absurdity! What contradiction in the interpretation of it!

In the winter following Buonaparte's passage through Verdun, sixteen Englishmen, some of them gentlemen of family and distinction, were confined at Sarrelouis in one room, and obliged to sleep two in a bed; and the prisons of Verdun, Bitsche, Metz, and Saarbruch, were filled with others, mostly arrested for the most unjust usurious debts. The number both of detenus and prisoners of war that have since been arrested, and

the hardships and indignities which they are suffering, would interest the public, and call for the attention of government; but I neither know their names, nor the particular circumstances of their treatment.

The lamentable end of Mr. Hearne must not be forgotten. In September, 1806, he, at the recommendation of Taleyrand, received permission to reside at Nanci. After remaining a year there, he was desirous of passing a few days among his old friends at Verdun. The commandant of Nanci gave him leave; and he drove in his curricule to Verdun, with the pleasure of an Oxonian who pays a visit to his friends at Eton. But unluckily for him, Buona-parté had just granted the money lenders' petition. His creditors seized Mr. Hearne, and imprisoned him in Verdun jail. Close confinement, want of exercise, fretting, low spirits, brought on

a dangerous illness. His physician went round to his different creditors, and they all agreed to let him out. His medical friend returned, and announced to him that in a couple of hours he would be out of prison, where, by the bye, he had been confined with I know not how many in a room. He was in high spirits; marks of convalescence appeared in his countenance, when unexpectedly a message arrived from Baudot Barthe, grocer, banker, and money-lender, that upon second thoughts he could not agree with the other creditors to his leaving the jail. He was, as if thunderstruck by this message, seized by a *cholera morbus*, became light-headed, and died early the next morning, raving mad. Upon examining his papers it was discovered that the different sums owed to him by Frenchmen far exceeded his debts.

Our government might certainly ex-

postulate with the French on the treatment of these British subjects, and might give them the solemn assurance, that whenever peace takes place, their wrongs shall be redressed. The British ambassador might then insist that the French government should do to them the same justice that it has done to its own subjects; and a decree similar to the following might be enacted in their favor.

Un decret du 17 de Mars, 1808, leve le sursis prononcé par le decret du 30 Main 1806, pour le placement des créances des juifs; il annulle de plein droit tout engagement pour prêt fait par des juifs à des minetrs sans l'autorisation de leurs tuteurs, ou à des femmes sans l'autorisation de leurs maris ou à des militaires sans l'autorisation de leurs chefs. Toute lettre de change ou obligation souscrite par un sujet Francals au profit d'un juif ne sera exigible qu'autant que le porteur prouvera que la valeur en a été fournie sans fraude. Toute créance cumulée par un interet de plus que cinq pour cent sera réduite par les tribunaux; si l'interet, reuni du capital excède dix pour cent, la creance sera déclarée usuraire et comme telle annullée.

A decree of the 17th of March, 1808, takes off the delay pronounced in the decree of the 30th of May, 1806, for the payment of debts owed to Jews. It annuls entirely every engagement for loans made by Jews to minors without the authority of their guardians, to women without the authority of their husbands, and to the military without the authority of their superior officers. Every letter of exchange or obligation, signed by a French subject in favor of a Jew, shall not be valid, except the bearer proves that the value has been given without fraud. Every debt augmented by an interest of more than five per cent. shall be reduced by the tribunals. If the interest, added to the capital, exceed ten per cent. the debt shall be declared usurious, and as such shall be annulled.

Though in the above decree mention of the Jews alone is made, yet the Christian usurers are equally subject to the omnipotence of a French decree; and the above assurance ought to be given without delay to our countrymen

in France, not only as it would afford them a great comfort in their distressed situation; but as it might prevent any real prisoners of war from making their escape. Several midshipmen, upon their first arrival at Verdun mere boys just free from the nursery, have been purposely surrounded by every temptation to expence and extravagance; and then induced to violate their parole, by the fear that when peace takes place they may be left to languish in a jail.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.